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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SOUTHEY'S LITERARY PASTIMES.

The Doctor, &c. Vol. VII. Pp. 630. Longmans. The last volume of these *disjuncta membra Poetarum* is of goodly size, and it would seem that if the author had lived for years beyond the period assigned to him, he could have wrought his accumulated materials into an almost endless series. At page 402 we are told, in the introduction to a number of unarranged memoranda :

"It has been thought advisable in the present instance to show how the lamented Southey worked up the collection of years. Each extract is on a separate slip of paper, and some of them appear to have been made from thirty to forty years ago, more or less.

"And so the virtue of his youth before
Was in his age the ground of his delight."

Of these memoranda the following are specimens :

"The Abaza (a Circassian tribe) have a strange way of burying their Boys. They put the body in a coffin of wood, which they nail on the branches of some high trees, and make a hole in the coffin by the head, that the Boy, as they say, may look unto Heaven. Bees enter the coffin, and make honey, and cover the body with their comb: If the season comes they open the coffin, take out the honey and sell it, therefore much caution is necessary against the honey of the Abazas.

EVIA EFFENDI."

"In the ROMANCE OF MERLIN it is said, that before the time of Christ, Adam and Eve and the whole ancient world were (not in Limbo) but actually in Hell. And that when the prophets comforted the souls under their sufferings by telling them of the appointed Redeemer, the Devils for that reason tormented these Prophets more than others."

"They say that a few souls are peculiarly gifted with the power of quitting their bodies, of mounting into the skies, visiting distant countries, and again returning and resuming them: they call the mystery or prayer by which this power is obtained, the *Mondiram*. CRAUFURD."

This is an early idea of the *clairvoyance* of our modern mesmerism; and no doubt Southey would have brought it to illustrate that subject.

"Emududakel, the Messenger of Death, receives the soul as it is breathed out of the body, into a kind of sack, and runs away with it through briars and thorns and burning whirlwinds, which torment the soul very sensibly, till he arrives at the bank of a fiery current, through which he is to pass to the other side in order to deliver the soul to Emen, the God of the Dead.

"LETTERS TO THE DANISH MISSIONARIES."

"Should a Moslem, when praying, feel himself disposed to gape, he is ordered to suppress the sensation as the work of the devil, and to close his mouth, lest the father of iniquity should enter and take possession of his person. It is curious that this opinion prevails also among the Hindoos, who twirl their fingers close before their mouths when gaping, to prevent an evil spirit from getting in that way. GRIFFITHS."

"Lord Dalmeny, son of the E. of Rosebery, married about eighty years ago a widow at Bath for her beauty. They went abroad, she sickened, and on her death-bed requested that she might be interred in some particular church-yard, either

Enlarged 95.]

in Sussex or Suffolk, I forget which. The body was embalmed, but at the custom-house in the port where it was landed the officer suspected smuggling and insisted on opening it. They recognised the features of the wife of their own clergyman—who having been married to him against her own inclination had eloped. Both husbands followed the body to the grave. The grandfather of Dr. Smith, of Norwich, knew the Lord."

From these extracts it will be seen that the *Doctor* was concocted out of the outpourings of the author's note-book, kept from his early years, and the fruit of his various and curious reading through a life of literary employment. That his own hand did not arrange the later portions of the work may have caused it to be less orderly than even the preceding discursive portions and, perhaps, even a little more dilated; but still, readers either of the Bee or the Butterfly species, will find much to gather honey or pleasure from in these pages. To illustrate them, our task is only to exhibit their diversity. We begin with a notice of that "Tall Bully," "London's Column," at the end of the bridge, respecting which, speaking of *Adam Middleton's Sermons*, the Doctor says :

"That he was a truly learned man no one who ever used that dictionary could doubt, and if there had not been oddity enough in him to give his learning a zest, he never could have compounded an appellation for the monument, commemorating in what he calls an heptastic vocable—which may be interpreted a seven-leaguaged word—the seven Lord Mayors of London under whose mayoralities the construction of that lying pillar went on from its commencement to its completion. He called it, the Fordo-Waternmanno-Hansono-Hookero-Vinero-Sheldoniano-Davision pillar."

Of the same divine we are further told :

"In another sermon Adam Littleton says that every man is made of three Egos, and has three Selves in him; and that this appears in the reflection of conscience upon actions of a dubious nature; whilst one Self accuses, another Self defends, and the third Self passes judgment upon what hath been so done by the man!"

Several chapters run on Daniel Dove's un-gallant theory of the inferiority of women to men, and many droll arguments are adduced in support of it from ancient and learned authorities.—*Ex. gr.*

The Doctor had other theological arguments in aid of the opinion which he was pleased to support. The remark has been made which is curious, or in the language of Jeremy Taylor's age, *considerable*, that we read in Genesis how when God saw everything else which he had made, he pronounced that it was very good, but he did not say this of the woman.

"There are, indeed, certain Rabbis who affirm that Eve was not taken out of Adam's side: but that Adam had originally been created with a tail (herein agreeing with the well-known theory of Lord Monboddo), and that among the various experiments and improvements which were made in his form and organization before he was finished, the tail was removed as an inconvenient appendage, and of the excrements or superfluous part which was then lopt off, the Woman was formed.

"We are not bound to believe the Rabbis in everything, the Doctor would say; and yet it

cannot be denied that they have preserved some valuable traditions which ought to be regarded with much respect. And then by a gentle inclination of the head—and a peculiar glance of the eye, he let it be understood that this was one of those traditions which were entitled to consideration. It was not impossible, he said, but that a different reading in the original text might support such an interpretation: the same word in Hebrew frequently signified different things, and rib and tail might, in that language, be as near each other in sound, or as easily mis-written by a hasty hand, or mis-read by an inaccurate eye, as *custa* and *cavida* in Latin. He did not pretend that this was the case—but that it might be so. And by a like corruption (for to such corruptions all written and even all printed books are liable) the text may have represented that Eve was taken from the side of her husband instead of from that part of the back where the tail grew. The dropping of a syllable might occasion it.

"And this view of the question, he said, derived strong support from that well-known and indubitable text wherein the Husband is called the Head; for although that expression is in itself most clear and significative in its own substantive meaning, it becomes still more beautifully and emphatically appropriate when considered as referring to this interpretation and tradition, and implying as a direct and necessary converse that the Wife is the Tail.

"There is another legend relating to a like but even less worthy formation of the first helpmate, and this also is ascribed to the Rabbis. According to this mythos the rib which had been taken from Adam was, for a moment, laid down, and in that moment a monkey stole it and ran off with it full speed. An Angel pursued, and though not in league with the Monkey, he could have been no good Angel; for overtaking him, he caught him by the Tail, brought it maliciously back instead of the Rib, and of that Tail, was Woman made. What became of the Rib, with which the Monkey got clear off, 'was never to mortal known.'

"However, the Doctor admitted that on the whole the received opinion was the more probable. And after making this admission he related an anecdote of Lady Jeckyll, who was fond of puzzling herself and others with such questions as had been common enough a generation before her, in the days of the Athenian Oracle. She asked William Whiston, of be-rhymed name and eccentric memory, one day at her husband's table, to resolve a difficulty which occurred to her in the Mosaic account of the creation. 'Since it pleased God, Sir,' said she, 'to create the Woman out of the Man, why did he form her out of the rib rather than any other part?' Whiston scratched his head and answered, 'Indeed, Madam, I do not know, unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body.' 'There!' said her husband, 'you have it now: I hope you are satisfied!'

"Mahomet was not the only person who has supposed that women have no souls. In this Christian and reformed country, the question was propounded to the British Apollo, whether there is now, or will be at the resurrection, any females in Heaven—since, says the questioner, there seems to be no need of them there! The Society of Gentlemen who, (in imitation of John Dunton, his brother-in-law, the elder Wesley,

and their coadjutors,) had undertaken in this Journal to answer all questions, returned a grave reply, that sexes being corporeal distinctions there could be no such distinctions among the souls which are now in bliss; neither could it exist after the resurrection, for they who partook of eternal life neither marry nor are given in marriage.

"That same Society supposed the Devil to be an Hermaphrodite, for though by his roughness they said he might be thought of the masculine gender, they were led to that opinion because he appeared so often in petticoats. * * *

"*Mulier, quasi mollior*," saith Varro; * a derivation upon which Dr. Featley thus commenteth: "Women take their name in Latin from tenderness or softness, because they are usually of a softer temper than men, and much more subject to passions, especially of fear, grief, love, and longing; their fear is almost perpetual, their grief immoderate, their love ardent, and their longing most vehement. They are the weaker vessels, not only weaker in body than men, and less able to resist violence, but also weaker in mind, and less able to hold out in temptations; and, therefore, the Devil first set upon the woman as conceiving it a matter of more facility to supplant her than the man." And they are such dissemblers, says the poet,

"as if their mother had been made
Only of all the falsehood of the man,
Disposed into that rib."

"Look, indeed, at the very name," said the Doctor, putting on his gravest look of provocation to the ladies,—"Look at the very name—*Woman*, evidently meaning either *man's woe*—or abbreviated from *woe to man*, because by woman was woe brought into the world."

"And when a girl is called a lass, who does not perceive how that common word must have arisen? Who does not see that it may be directly traced to a mournful interjection, *alas!* breathed sorrowfully forth at the thought the girl, the lovely and innocent creature upon whom the beholder has fixed his meditative eye, would, in time become a woman,—a woe to man!"

"There are other tongues in which the name is not less significant. The two most notoriously obstinate things in the world are a mule and a pig. Now there is one language in which *pig* means a young woman: and another in which woman is denoted by the word *mulier*; which word, whatever grammarians may pretend, is plainly a comparative, applied exclusively and with peculiar force to denote the only creature in nature which is more mulish than a mule. 'Comment' says a Frenchman (Bouchet) '*pourroit-on aymer les Dames, puis qu'elles se nomment ainsi du dam et dommage qu'elles appertent aux hommes !*'"

Having had his pleasantries out on the subject of woman, we have, by and by, some sportive observations on criticism; as, for instance:

"The quiet reader who sometimes lifts his eyes from the page (and closes them perhaps,) to meditate upon what he has been reading, will, perhaps, ask himself wherefore I consider it to be as certain that no small critic should have read the *Minute Philosopher*, as that children cannot be drowned while 'sliding on dry ground?'—My reason for so thinking is, that small critics never read anything so good. Like town ducks they dabble in the gutter, but never purify themselves in clear streams, nor take to the deep waters."

Medical curiosities supply some entertaining

** The Soothsayer in *Cymbeline* was of a like opinion with Varro!

"The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*."

Southey's favourite play upon the stage was *Cymbeline*, and next to it, *As you like it*."

pages, and an account of Dent Knitters is a good specimen of the dialect of the West Riding of York, as well as an entertaining picture of a class of society. Some quaint remarks and anecdotes about names follow:

"It is not a good thing to be Tom'd or Bob'd, Jack'd or Jim'd, Sam'd or Ben'd, Natty'd or Batty'd, Neddy'd or Teddy'd, Will'd or Bill'd, Dick'd or Nick'd, Joe'd or Jerry'd as you go through the world. And yet it is worse to have a christian name, that for its oddity shall be in everybody's mouth when you are spoken of, as it were pinned upon your back, or labelled upon your forehead. Quintin Dick for example, which would have been still more unlucky if Mr. Dick had happened to have a cast in his eye. 'The Report on Parochial Registration' contains a singular example of the inconvenience which may arise from giving a child an uncouth christian name. A gentleman called Anketil Gray had occasion for a certificate of his baptism: it was known at what church he had been baptized, but on searching the register there, no such name could be found: some mistake was presumed therefore not in the entry, but in the recollection of the parties, and many other registers were examined without success. At length the first register was again recurred to, and then upon a closer investigation, they found him entered as Miss Ann Kettle Grey. * * *

"The Ancients paid so great a regard to names, that whenever a number of men were to be examined on suspicion, they began by putting to the torture the one whose name was esteemed the vilest. And this must not be supposed to have had its origin in any reasonable probability, such as might be against a man who being apprehended for a riot, should say his name was Patrick Murphy, or Dennis O'Connor, or Thady O'Callaghan; or against a Moses Levi, or a Daniel Abrahams for uttering bad money; it was for the import of the name itself, and the evidence of a base and servile origin which it implied.

"*J'ai été toujours fort étonné*," says Bayle, '*que les familles qui portent un nom odieux ou ridicule, ne le quittent pas.*' The Leatherheads and Shuffelbottoms, the Higgenses and Huggenses, the Scrogges and the Scragges, Sheepshanks and Ramsbottoms, Taylors and Barbers, and worse than all, Butchers, would have been to Bayle as abominable as they were to Dr. Dove. I ought, the Doctor would say, to have a more natural dislike to the names of Kite, Hawk, Falcon, and Eagle; and yet they are to me (the first excepted) less odious than names like these: and even preferable to Bull, Bear, Pig, Hog, Fox, or Wolf.

"What a name, he would say, is Lamb for a soldier, Joy for an undertaker, Rich for a pauper, or Noble for a taylor: Big for a lean and little person, and Small for one who is broad in the rear and abdominal in the van. Short for a fellow six feet without his shoes, or Long for him whose high heels hardly elevate him to the height of five. Sweet for one who has either a vinegar face, or a foxey complexion. Younghusband for an old batchelor. Merryweather for any one in November and February, a black spring, a cold summer or a wet autumn. Goodenough for a person no better than he should be: Too good for any human creature, and Best for a subject who is perhaps too bad to be endured."

Noting on we read that *Lesclarissement de la langue Françoise*, printed by John Haukyns, 1530, is the oldest French grammar in our language and older than any the French possess in their own.

Chapters on rats are characteristic of the humour of the author, as displayed throughout the work, mixing sly sarcastic hits with singular old stories; but we must reserve these and a few other quotations of a miscellaneous character, for our next *Gazette*.

CLEVELAND: YORKSHIRE.

The History and Antiquities of Cleveland, comprising the Wapentake of East and West Langbargh, North Riding, County York. By J. Walker Ord, F.G.S.L., &c. &c. 4to. Pp. 623. London, Simpkin and Marshall; Edinburgh, W. Tait; Stokesley, W. Braithwaite.

THE district of Cleveland is one of the richest in Great Britain for antiquities of every kind. It is a vale of infinite natural beauty; and from the earliest ages attracted the foundation of monastic institutions and churches, and of feudal castles, and other residences of powerful men. It has been the scene of many an interesting event interwoven with the history of our country; and has produced many individuals eminently distinguished by talents, enterprise, and genius. To describe it, as it has passed down the stream of time, to note the remains of that long transition from the days of the aboriginal Briton, and to paint its existing condition, was a task worthy of a zealous archaeologist, and such has the author approved himself by his successful execution of the whole design. It is a work of immense labour; and it has been carefully and conscientiously performed, so as truly to be of national value, as well as of singular local importance. We have only to add, that the illustrations which embellish it are numerous, including engravings of the principal buildings and fine architectural ruins, and wood-cuts of every variety of antiquity which is noticed in the text, arms, rings, hermitages, cells, arches, tombs, pedigrees, maps, effigies, portraiture, carved stones, celtis, &c. &c., so as to make the publication complete.

From such an abundance of riches it is no easy matter for us to offer selection which would do justice to all the parts; but we will endeavour to supply enough to form a melange for our readers, and afford some idea of Mr. Ord's merits.

He sets out with a *coup d'œil* over the most remote periods of tradition and history, whilst Cleveland was yet a waste, and down to the Conquest.

"Cleveland (he proceeds to state), from causes which previous chapters explain, abounds in monuments of antiquity. They comprise many interesting varieties; and if these personal researches and observations tend to throw any additional light on previous inquiries, or increase the store of practical knowledge, our labour will be amply recompensed. The first objects which demand investigation are the houes, barrows, or tumuli, with which the remoter hills and moorlands of this district are everywhere thickly studded. These are the humble mausoleums (tributes of devoted attachment and affectionate solicitude) of Britons, Saxons, and Danes—the tombs of chieftains, warriors, and potentates—once eminent and distinguished for their prowess and valour, now, alas! vain ashes, which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vain-glory, and maddening vices. The houe or tumulus is the most simple and lasting of the monuments of antiquity. * * *

"From the summit of Freeburgh Hill (he adds), near Moorsholm, I counted no fewer than twelve of these ancient sepulchres. On Bernaldby Moor are eight or ten; near Castleton, three or four; near Forty-pence (the property of J. T. Wharton, Esq.) two very large ones, and the remains of several smaller; two at Bell End, the property of Mr. H. W. Thomas; one on the farm of Mr. W. Wardale, Pinchinthorpe; and two remarkably fine ones on the moor belonging to W. Brown, Esq., and her Majesty's commissioners. Great numbers may also be seen on the heights of Westerdale, Commandale, Danby, and Egton,

generally near, or in connexion with, ancient British habitations, camps, or entrenchments."

Again: "The antiquities of Danby are numerous and interesting. Trenches, camps, forts, houses, British habitations, may be met with on almost every ridge, moor, hill-side, and projecting headland of this romantic region. The ridge which terminates at Castleton, and that which separates Glaisdale from Egton Grange, have been strongly fortified by the ancient Britons. A strong trench between the upper part of Danby Dale and Little Fryup is also unquestionably British. A cluster of British camps, three in number, have been discovered in Little Fryup, a mile south of Danby Castle, each 200 feet square, and calculated for mutual defence, and to resist any attack from the sea in that quarter. Three clusters of pits have also been discovered on the moor between Danby Beacon and Wauplay. These differ from others already described, being arranged in parallel lines, instead of the zig-zag form; and the earth, instead of being heaped up as a parapet, has been removed to form a wall outside the lines, enclosing the pits within, so as to conceal them from view. Each range consists of fourteen pits, the breadth of the whole 50 feet. About 100 paces s.e. another small cluster commences; and 150 paces to the western edge of the valley are two other ranges still more extensive, the one consisting of fifteen pits, the other thirty-four pits. In the spaces between are druidical remains; and a tall druidical pillar, called Long-stone, stands northward. Southward are three large houses or tumuli, each 70 feet in diameter and 100 feet asunder. Three large houses, of the crater form, stand near Castleton, close to the Gisborough road; and the heights are studded with them. From one elevated point we counted at least fifty of these ancient British and Danish sepulchres; none of which, that we heard of, have ever been explored. This seems to indicate that, when the low fertile grounds were over-run by their rapacious invaders, the Britons retreated to the heights and fastnesses, where they withdrew their cattle, formed their dwellings, raised fortifications, died or perished amongst the hills, and were interred beneath these sepulchral mounds amidst the desert heath."

"Although history is silent on the subject, we have no reason to doubt that the ancient baronial fortress of De Brus stood at Castleton (Castletune), the foundations of which may be easily traced. Like other early Norman strengths, it stood on a lofty mound of earth thrown up in the centre of the works, surrounded by a deep ditch, moat, or fosse, still quite visible. We can glean nothing from records; but this castle bears every evidence of much greater antiquity than the remains of Danby, which possesses none of the Norman characteristics—such as an elevated mound, fosse, round towers, barbican, &c. Castleton is, therefore, the site of the ancient castle of De Brus—of the same date, probably, as Skelton Castle and the castle at Gisborough. Dr. Young imagines that it has 'been originally a British strength—a notion which is favoured by the numerous trenches and houses in the vicinity'; but this supposition seems too far-fetched for the purposes of local history. On minute examination of the orchard-walls near, we discovered numerous carved stones, portions of the old building. These appeared to furnish insuperable testimony of the actual site of the castle of the first Lords of Danby, which continued probably at Castleton till Danby Castle was built by William le Latimer. In early times the whole of this country was covered with dense forests of oak, the hill-sides exhibiting crumbling stumps of trees and light brushwood, and the low peaty ground is frequently a mass of enormous oak-roots thickly embedded together. At the bottom of some fields sloping from the hills, not far from Danby Castle, we noticed several large

heaps of roots removed in ploughing, and on inquiry ascertained that most of the new lands abounded in these remains of aboriginal forests. Among such scenes the antiquarian gathers his richest harvest; here he traces the paths of departed dynasties, races, and creeds; he is surrounded by relics and vestiges of a remote era; and a calm philosophic ecstasy takes possession of his mind, for he treads upon 'holy ground,'"

"Almost every height, and cliff, and mountain-side of Cleveland possesses interesting mementos of the domestic or warlike history of the ancient Britons, of which not the least wonderful are the camps, entrenchments, and lines of defence, reared with prodigious labour, to repel the invasions of fierce and rapacious foes."

Again, among the Danes: "The common method consisted in burying the heroes under little hills, which they raised in the middle of some plain; and they gave to these hillocks, and sometimes to the plains themselves, the name of the person interred. This rude monument at once kept up the memory of the hero, and the emulation of the survivors. In Denmark great numbers of such artificial hills still remain, bearing the name of some warrior or king of ancient times. * * * * *

"This custom, left behind by our Danish progenitors, is very frequent in Cleveland. Close to Gisborough we have Stanghoue, Todhoue, Giphoue, Tidkinhoue, Spindlhoue, &c., &c., burial-places of illustrious Danes who flourished here before the Conquest. Of this kind was the tomb of Hamlet (Shakspeare's Hamlet), as described by Saxo: 'Insignis ejus sepultrum ac nomine campus apud Jutium extat,—which field is still called Amlet's-hede to this day (Saxo, lib. iv.; Bartholin, p. 119). In like manner, Hubbeshoue in Devonshire received its name from Hubba the Danish general, who was slain and buried there A.D. 879: 'Dani cadaver Hubba inter occisos invenientes, illud cum clavore maximo seplerunt, cumulum apponentes Hubbe-houe vocaverunt.'—Brompton, ad ann. 873; vide Camden (Gibson), vol. i. p. 47; Barth. lib. i. c. 8. * * * * *

"Crosses were erected by the Danes as memorials of battles, and not unfrequently placed on the graves of distinguished warriors. In Angleshire, in Scotland, above the grave of one of their bravest generals (slain by the valiant Keith), 'there was a high stone erected which carries the name of Camus' Cross. And about ten miles distant from this, at Aberlemno, is another cross, erected upon some of the Danes killed there. Both of these have some antique pictures and letters upon them.' The name 'Stump's Cross,' near Gisborough, has perhaps been derived from a similar circumstance. A tradition (familiar to every one in Gisborough) has brought down to us the story of a bloody battle on this spot, probably during the furious dynasty of the Danes; and here one of the soldiers is said to have fought with incredible valour after his legs were hewn off—literally on his stumps—wherefore 'Stump's Cross.' I did conceive at one time that this tradition might refer to the contest between the royalists and the rebels mentioned at p. 63; but, on further consideration, I am inclined to fix the site of the latter battle elsewhere, viz. 'Wars' Fields' (so called to this day), now in the occupation of Mr. Charles Simmonds. A cannon-ball, found in this field, is in the possession of Mr. Simmonds; and, on examining the field, the antiquarian will discover abundance of proof, in the raised mounds, trenches, and irregular disposition of the ground, of its having been strongly fortified, and the scene of some fierce and desperate encounter. The tradition of Stump's Cross must, therefore, go back to a remoter period. The only other cross we need mention may be seen on the road near Hutton Low-Cross, fronting the green lane leading to Kemplay, where the

Chaloner property joins a small slip belonging to the crown. All that now remains is the broken shaft and socket; but the sacred symbol has long since been demolished, probably by the same rude fanatic bands before whose brutal rage so many rare and venerable antiquities have disappeared."

Pausing in the antiquarian research for a space, we now copy some miscellaneous passages of diversified texture. In Cleveland are situated the greatest alum-beds in England, respecting which Mr. Ord says:—

"For a minute account of the great beds of alum-shale, we refer the scientific reader to the laborious 'Geological Survey of the Yorkshire Coast,' by the learned Dr. Young, of Whitby, p. 133, &c. From this work Phillips has plagiarised without mercy or acknowledgment; nor does it seem intelligible why he should have trod on ground so ably occupied and illustrated. The history of the process of making alum will also be found in Young's 'History of Whitby,' vol. ii. pp. 806-817."

Our friend, the secretary to the British Association, is not a likely person to have committed this offence; and we trust the author is mistaken in ascribing it to a scientific writer so diligent, so original, and so honest.

"Horses.—The Cleveland horses have long been in high estimation both at home and abroad, and her Majesty has several of this distinguished breed at present in her possession. Several foreign potentates, including the King of France and the Emperor of Russia, have purchased largely of the Cleveland horses.

"Cleveland Bays.—In a work on the breeds of British animals, written by Prof. Lowe, of Edinburgh, and splendidly illustrated, that learned and ingenious gentleman, assuming a high geological flight, oddly endeavours to draw a comparison between the breeds of cattle in different parts of England and the Continent, and the natural formation of the coasts. 'When we compare,' says he, 'the coasts of Britain with those of the opposite Continent, we find a striking similitude in their geological formation, and in their animal and vegetable productions. All along the British Channel, from Land's End to the Straits of Dover, we have a country resembling, even to the indentations of the coast, the countries of France from Ushant to the Pas de Calais. Bending northwards, the flat alluvial countries of the eastern coasts of England correspond in the closest degree with the low-lands of Belgium and Holland. The marshes of the Zuyder Zee seem to be reproduced in the fens of Lincoln; and in both localities the horses resemble one another even to the colour of the skin.' This is a singular proposition, and, to say the least of it, extremely far-fetched. Nor is the Zuyder Zee at all similar to the fens of Lincolnshire, being an arm of the German Ocean, the great vehicle of the commerce of Amsterdam and that part of Holland, through the Texel. And with regard to the horses in that country, we ourselves, in travelling in Holland, distinguished but one breed in the low-lands, viz. the heavy, sluggish, chestnut-coloured Flemish, which we thought might, in process of time, make a valuable cross with our thorough-bred horses. Leaving these theoretical notions out of the question, therefore, we come to Prof. Lowe's other description, which is very accurate, and written in a clear, lucid, and expressive style. 'The horses bred in this part of England are of all the varieties suited to the saddle, the coach, the wagon, and the plough. They present every diversity of size, colour, and breeding. The larger kinds used for draught are chiefly reared in the northern parts of the district. When unmixed with the blood of horses of higher breeding, they are a tall and powerful race of animals, adapted to every labour requiring weight and muscular force. But it is

the peculiarity of the entire district, that much of the blood of the superior races has been commingled to the common kinds, and that comparatively few of those employed in labour are altogether unmixed. This results from the practice, long and extensively pursued all over Yorkshire and Durham, of breeding horses especially for the saddle and lighter carriages. From this cause horses of some breeding become employed in common labour, and the blood of the race-horse is insensibly diffused through the general mass. *

"The true Cleveland bay may be justly termed a breed, from the similitude of characters presented by the individuals of the stock. It has been formed by the same means as the hunter, viz. by the progressive mixture of the blood of the race-horse with the original breeds of the country."

A third imputation on preceding authors occurs in the following:

"It is painful to appear ungracious or hyper-critical towards an author of merit and industry; but I cannot conceive on what grounds my predecessor the Rev. Mr. Graves, ventures to pronounce Eston Nab the Saxon encampment of Badon Hill, where, A.D. 520 (not, as he says, 492), the gallant Prince Arthur, in a sanguinary contest, defeated the Saxon army. Camden (whom Mr. Graves must have consulted) distinctly informs us that Badon Hill is 'the same hill with that we now call Lannesdown, hanging over a little village near the city of Bath,' and he continues, 'the adjoining vale, lying along the river Avon for a great way together, is called in British Nant-Badon, i.e. the Vale of Badon; and where to seek Badon Hill but near Badon Valley, I cannot tell!' The assertion of Mr. Graves, involving two most important positions, is thus set at rest; although, I confess, it would have given me pleasure to have followed out this author; and I should have felt proud if Cleveland could indeed boast the glorious victory of Badon Hill, and the splendid achievements of that brilliant star of chivalry, Prince Arthur. Nor has he any authority for pronouncing this a Saxon encampment. Except the daring piracies of Regner Lodbrok and Rollo, we have no records of any important hostile encounters on this part of the Northumbrian coast. The conquerors of the Saxons were their own brethren, the Danes; and the progress and victories of the latter people under Hengist and Horsa (who landed in the Humber), Sweyn and Canute, were so signal and rapid and successful that the Northumbrian Saxons had no leisure for throwing up laborious defences, and scarcely for flight. Still less ground have we for considering it Roman. No Roman coins, tablets, inscriptions, arms, or other remains, have ever been discovered in the vicinity of Eston Nab. *

"Having thus shewn that the camp on Eston Nab belonged neither to the Romans nor Saxons (the Danes had no need of encampments here) it remains to attribute it to the only other inhabitants, the Britons. Nowhere could a camp be of more signal advantage than on Eston Nab; for to this point, towards the decline of the Roman power, the savage pirates of the Orkneys, Hebrides, and Norway concentrated their forces. The rich valleys and fertile fields along the coast also held out a delicious bait to the Picts and Scots, against whose furious inroads the commanding position of this fort, its immense strength and impregnable position, must have constituted an effective and irresistible barrier. Finally, the connexion of this camp with the line of British forts at Highcliffe and Rosebury—the contiguity of British habitations skirting the Nab, at Bousdale, and along the edge of the Hutton Low-Cross moors—add to which, the numerous tumuli, unquestionably British, within a stone's throw of the encampment,—and we possess indisputable evidence that whatever

people (Romans, Saxons, or Danes) might afterwards have assisted in strengthening and beautifying these works, or even employed it in their own defence, still the earliest and original occupants were the ancient British tribes, who, driven from the vales by savage barbarians of the north, here on these rocky fastnesses fought the last battles of freedom—leaving, in grassy ramparts and heath-clad sepulchres, lasting memorials of their patriotism and valour."

On another ground, the Chaloner property and seat, Mr. O. observes:

"A few other matters may be noticed here before they fade even from tradition. Every child yet believes in the story of the subterraneous passage running from the Priory to Plantation-field in Tocotes. Midway in this dismal pathway is an enormous chest of gold, guarded by a raven or crow, who keeps incessant watch over the precious contents. Once only was the treasure invaded, by a person who hoped to appropriate some of the ingots; but when he had reached the box, its guardian, the raven, suddenly became transformed into his Satanic Majesty, who belaboured the intruder with such terrible severity, and otherwise excited such a dreadful fright, that neither he nor any other person ever ventured within the precincts afterwards. Be this as it may, a subterraneous passage unquestionably existed, commencing in the ancient part of the ruin, now occupied as a wine-vault; but the mason who discovered it, Thomas Winter, was ordered by the late Mr. Chaloner again to close it up. The use and object of such a passage we must, of course, leave to conjecture. Doubtless it might reveal many histories of sorrow and guilt, of outrage and licentiousness, which were best hid in the silence and oblivion of the past."

This is an anti-archeological conclusion, which we are surprised to hear from the author. No matter what may be revealed, we would dig and penetrate into the very bowels of the earth, to discover whatever might be hidden there. But we reserve a farther notice for another *Gazette*.

POETRY AND FLOWERS.

The Poets' Pleasance. By Eden Warwick. Pp. 432. Longmans.

ARE these times for book luxuries? We trust, in spite of the cheap and mis-informing mass of publication which inundates the country, that they are; and that this superb volume—a charming sample alike of the art of embellishment and the beauties of refined literature—will find its way wherever the intellect and the imagination are cultivated, and the appetite for the superior delights of human existence is entertained. Poetry and Flowers are akin. Poetry presents us with the flowers of mind. Flowers display to us the poetry of nature. No wonder that the Poets of all ages should have paid homage to Flowers. Here they are collected and arranged into bouquets of infinite loveliness and fragrance, according to the eras in which they bloomed and the bards who sung them. The daisy, the object of Dan Chaucer's peculiar admiration; the violet, the favourite of Shakspere; the pansy, cherished by, and pallid ivy building his own bower, of Spencer; the flowerets, generally, balméd in dew, of Dunbar; the snowdrop, unmentioned till after Elizabeth; the crocus, primrose, cowslip, daffodil, anemone, lily, wallflower, tulip, hawthorn, hyacinth, narcissus, broom (like the laburnum, often adorning the song of L. E. L.) rose (the pet of all poets from Persia to Iceland), carnation, sunflower (with its fiction of fidelity to the sun), thistle (rough and cherished emblem of Scotland), eglantine, woodbine, foxglove, jasmine, marigold (deserted by verse during 200 years, and only revived by Keats), and the sweet-herbs of our ancestors are all preserved in the amber of poetry, which these pages contain, and

the converse of a *hortus siccus* is offered to all who possess a feeling for the manifold "stars of earth" and the gems of fancy with which genius has associated them.

Mr. Warwick introduces them to us by five divisional essays, in which he lays down their chronological and systematic arrangement; and then points out the bearings of the subject from the beginning, when the poets brought their images and paintings immediately from nature, to the fall into mannerism, the diversion into classical insipidity and affectation, and the revival of purer taste, and greater truth and energy. These papers show much critical acumen and judgment. But we cannot be detained by them; nor even by the fascinating quotations which follow and illustrate them, from the admirable flower-borders of Mr. H. N. Humphreys. We have seen nothing beyond these in the art; and never has the middle-age prototype been resuscitated to more advantage. They are rich and elegant. The flowers portrayed are intermingled with bees, butterflies, moths, caterpillars, and other objects, in a matchless manner. We will only point to the snow-drop page, which is so excellent in combination and effect as to merit the lofty praise of genius. Sorry we are that we cannot exemplify these embellishments for the gratification of our readers; but all we can do is to repeat that *The Poets' Pleasance* is altogether a *pleasance* indeed.

NEW WORKS OF FICTION.

Harden Hall; or, The Three Proposals. A novel, edited by the Hon. F. B. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.

WHETHER editor or author, for the titles are somewhat confused, and whether an honourable or more humble incognito, the producer of this novel appears to be well acquainted with the circles he describes. The story relates the most auspicious *début* of a beautiful and accomplished young lady into London fashionable life, goes through its varied scenes, mounts a creation of infamous intrigue, and finally deals out poetical justice with a severe moral hand, which even involves the innocent and worthy in the evil consequences caused by the heartless villainy and folly into contact with which they have been brought. The details of balls, fêtes, amusements and occupations of the fashionable world are given *en amore*; and we are taught that outward splendour may be poisoned by the consciousness of impending ruin, that much of pain and suffering often taints seeming pleasure and gaiety, that cares and anxieties beset the most apparently favoured and happy revellers in the world's gratifications, and that, in short, all is not gold that glitters, but losses, disappointments, crushed hopes, and heavy griefs, the common lot of all, and not less the lot of those who move in elevated society. The leading characters are drawn with considerable force and skill; witness Mr. and Lady Julia Read, Howell, Lord Sandford, &c., &c., and the bad and good, the vicious and the virtuous, are well contrasted. On the whole *Harden Hall* is a very readable novel, and helps to begin the publishing season for such performances with a fair enough promise.

Jane Eyre. An Autobiography. Edited by Currer Bell. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.

This is a production almost *sui generis*: for there is obviously so much of reality in that we cannot call it a novel, and so much of fiction in the way of dreams and embellishments, that we cannot consider it to be altogether a literal exposition of real life and circumstances. And the style is as much contrasted as the matter; being often such common-place description of events as we might expect in every-day relations, and then varying into a literary character quite dissimilar. The account of a Cheap Saindy Prison

ed to all stars of genius by five in their aspect; and reflect from their nature, to that of classic revival energy. men and them; which is admirable. We will not; and a resuscitation which and mingled, and We will not merit that we for the man do is together

School, in which the heroine passes her earlier years, is evidently no invention, but the plain tale of an institution which has a number of resemblances throughout the country. The mystery of the story appears also to be founded on fact, and the characters of the *dramatis persona* to be copied from nature; whilst the collateral incidents are too likely and genuine to be suspected of dramatic introduction for the mere sake of adding interest to the narrative. The *denouement*, too, is as unlike the usual *finale* to works of the kind as can well be imagined; and we are thus trebly bound up not to inform our readers what were the acts, persecutions, perils, trials, adventures, and fate of Jane Eyre,—only that she is a young lady of so well regulated a mind that we could scarcely anticipate she would have to go through so much.

Impersonality, simplicity, and a truth-like earnestness are prominent features of the design; and the development of Jane's own character, from a somewhat precocious childhood, is ably sustained. Her selfish aunt and cousins, Mr. Brocklehurst, the priestly Patron of the Lowood Seminary, Mrs. Temple and the other teachers, Mr. Rochester (the hero), St. John the Missionary, and others, possess individuality and verisimilitude from first to last; and upon the whole we can cordially recommend the publication for its novelty and talent, however mixed with ingredients of a less attractive nature, if viewed in the light of a common novel. It possesses more of the actual, and displays an observant insight into the workings of the human heart.

The Bachelor of the Albany. By the Author of *The Falcon Family.* Chapman & Hall's Series of Original Works.

Sketches of persons and circumstances evidently coloured from life, and showing a practised hand. The characters are well individualized, and the story brought up with enough of mystery to keep the movement going in the manner desired by readers of fiction. A certain degree of causality is infused into the mess, and it would be easy in some instances to identify the originals whom the artist has taken upon himself to draw and exhibit. A miserly family at Liverpool, and their house-warming, is about the best example of his skill; but we can only copy a small portion of the description by way of specimen:

"Very different were the Christmas doings in the house of Mr. Spread's partner, the new house of the Narrowsmiths in Rodney Street. No comfort, no cheer, no charity. Neither hearts nor hearths were warm. No pleasantries brightened the countenance—no friends thronged the table—no pie towered upon the board—challenging attack, and throwing down the gauntlet to voracity. The house was a fair one enough—the rooms sufficiently large—all the permanent accommodations reasonably complete—but it was bleak and dreary; penurious fires drew forth the damp without dispelling the cold; stinted draperies gave easy access to the wintry winds through the crevices of the windows; threadbare carpets left the floors as chill as those of vaults or warehouses; deficient furniture of mean quality, grim without antiquity, and rigidly excluding all the warm colours, consummated the dreary effect, and made it one of the last houses of the land (of houses roofed and glazed), in which any body, in good-humour with himself and the world, would wish to entertain his friends or be entertained by them. Every thing in Rodney Street was managed upon the greatest possible retrenchment and the least possible comfort principle. Nothing was on a large scale but shabbiness; there was abundance of nothing but bad wine in the cellar, and cold water on the table. This shivering and starving went, of course, as usual, by the specious name of economy, whereas it was extravagance and waste of the most absurd kind, for there are two ways

of squandering the gifts of fortune; they may be wasted in avarice as well as in prodigality, by a Nevinus as well as by a Nomentanus."

A hunt for a country house may be cited as another fair example, and many of our London readers, we are sure, will acknowledge its truth, from experience.

"The tour of inspection was amusing enough; it supplied Spread with many subjects for piety-santry, and Barker with equally numerous occasions for a growl. Both gentlemen had abundant occasion to remark the singular fertility of imagination possessed by the auctioneers; what was a castle in print, dwindle to a cottage in reality; gorgeous woods shrank into paltry shrubberies; stately mansions into citizens' boxes; lawns into paddocks; mountains into hillocks; parks and chases into wretched enclosures, where a herd of field-mice could with difficulty find sufficient range or pasture. They were also led to notice the admirable talent for nomenclature exhibited by the owners of suburban villas; how happily places without a bush were designated groves; and houses staring you in the face, on the sides of public thoroughfares, christened hermitages; they saw lodges, where they would not have lodged for a considerable bribe, and retreats which they were glad to retreat from; Vallombroso was a sun-and-dust-trap on the top of a hill, and the villas with Roman names were the Cockneyest abodes in all the environs of London. Another field of observation was opened by the singular ingenuity with which the builders of numerous houses had selected the sites, so as to give them the full benefit of every bleak wind that blows, and spare them the greatest possible amount of light and warmth. In this respect, Tusculum was as near perfection as a house could be. The shelter from the south was complete, the exposure to the north-east incomparable, it seemed as if the advice of the astronomer-royal must have been taken, or it never could have been placed with such extreme precision, so as to have the *minimum* of the sun's favour in the circle of the year."

Our last, a sketch of the Bachelor's domicile, may finish these brief touches:

"You know the Albany—the haunt of bachelors, or of married men who try to lead bachelors' lives—the dread of suspicious wives, the retreat of superannuated fops, the hospital for incurable oddities, a cluster of solitudes for social hermits, the home of homeless gentlemen, the diner-out and the diner-in, the place for the fashionable thrifty, the luxurious lonely, and the modish morose, the votaries of melancholy, and lovers of mutton-chops. He knoweth not western London who is a stranger to the narrow arcade of chambers that forms a sort of private thoroughfare between Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens, guarded at each extremity by a fierce porter, or man-mastiff, whose duty it is to receive letters, cards, and parcels, and repulse intrusive wives, disagreeable fathers, and importunate tradesmen. Here it was that Mr. Barker had long established his residence, or, as Mr. Spread called it, his tub."

PROGRESSION OF THE HUMAN RACE.

The New Philosophy. Parts I. II. Saunders and Otley.

ENFORCING the moral cultivation of mind, and its right of unfettered search into every question affecting human opinions and conditions, this nameless production contains a good deal of philosophical matter. "To find the truths of any science (says the author) we must *search* into it, reason upon it, and compare it with the other manifestations of nature; then build our conclusions: in religion we must do just the same. Infinity and eternity are the province of religion; we can only morally enter there: they have no limits. How, then, is it possible she can range

where there are no bounds, and not make further discoveries, if we only allow her to range? When, then, this last, this greatest bar is once opened, what impediment remains to inquiry of any sort? for none other is deemed wrong, or sacrilegious, to enter upon. This once made free, with what cheerfulness will the human mind expand upon a subject so important and delightful!—for what can be more inspiring to mortals subject to decay and death, than *Futurity*, where only they can hope restoration and advancement?"

Yet are some of the comparisons untenable: "It is (adds the writer), then, of the utmost importance to take right views in religion; and the larger and clearer the views we take, the better and happier we shall be. Much that is delightful is lost by keeping our views confined. What can be more animating than standing on an eminence, and looking over a fine prospect, particularly if our road lies there? So we stand in regard to futurity. It is sad, and a strange narrowness, that we dare not attempt more discovery in a journey we know we must take."

We know not from what "eminence" it can be said, we can take a fine look over "futurity"; to us it is a dark unknown, and impossible with finite capacities to be known. The author, travelling over the broad vast from Creation to *Futurity*, lays it down as a first principle that there are no mysteries in the moral or physical world, though there may be wonders; and secondly, that all may be found out by reason. He goes on to declare that "mankind certainly, even now, are in the merest childhood of knowledge as to religion, and there is no way of growing out of it but by research. The common people of all, even European, countries, are still grossly superstitious; and even among the classes who are well educated, one hears such narrow and bigoted sentiments as disgrace reason, show, indeed, that they never have used reason in religion; and this because men have taken upon them to declare you neither must nor can go any further. The master who acts by compulsion vilifies himself as much as his slave: the nature of the slave is degraded by receiving the wrong; his own becomes as bad, or worse, by committing it. Does God thus deal with man? We know he does not. Physically, and morally, he leaves him by nature free. He leaves him to all the dangers and errors that spring from a state of weakness and ignorance, rather than debase the very nature of his creature, and abuse his own power by using force. He forces him not even to virtue; he allows him even the power to do ill, or else that freedom would be no freedom. Good and ill are set before him; the means are given him, but he must work these means himself. Bounteous as nature is, he must till, and sow before he reaps her fruits. Clear as truth is, he must search, and use his reason to open her prospects. By what pretence, then, can man assume—by what meanness allow to be assumed over him by mortals like himself, a domination that Heaven takes not, a coercion of those just rights of using his own reason for himself, and uttering his opinions therupon, which form the basis of all the dignity of his nature, and that God himself respects."

Such are the outlines of this so-called, but not altogether, *New Philosophy*; into the details of which our readers will not expect us to enter. Some of the conclusions are remarkable; as, for instance, that man's next state will be progressive. But as we have said, the arguments are not for our handling; and we conclude with a fanciful comparative illustration:

"Astronomers also find reason, from their observations on the heavenly bodies, to infer, that the *whole universe*, and our little globe with it, tends, as it were, to an *advance*—all are, while they revolve about each other, carried onward to some unknown point. If so, there must be a *purpose* in this. What is it? We are notte

be stopped by the usual interdiction—"we are not to ask what God intends," or "we can never know." God approves our using our faculties to learn his ways, and the law of progression may give us the means of knowledge in this. I have shown that as man has to work his own way to knowledge, virtue, truth, everything—it is absolutely necessary he should begin at the first step, the lowest grade of existence; that everything we see in the world, all we look back to of past ages, and all we have attained to in the present, mark, without a shade of contradiction, this to be the case; that we are palpably in such an infant state in our own nature, and mankind have so worked in it in everything, as governments, science, manners, morals, and even religion, (though least as yet,) we have but to compare with the past, at once to show. I say, this globe is as obviously the place, or one of the places, (there may be numberless more,) where souls are first launched to begin their work, and commence their advance. Has our globe, then, also, her time and destiny to fulfil? Is she ever to be the cradle of infant beings, (and were she the only one that so began, it would perhaps be enough even for infinity, from the incalculable and ever-multiplying numbers incessantly produced,) or is she capable herself of material progression, and the age of infancy in the moral and physical world, come to a conclusion together, not by the cruel and wasteful method of destroying its inhabitants, but the improving and benevolent plan of advancing both to an increase of means for happiness and blessings, effected morally by the agency of man working out his knowledge, virtue, and reward? Physically, there seems some appearance of the world being pre-constituted for the same plan. Geology has raised the theory, formed upon facts observed, that this earth has undergone several changes on her own surface, and in her tenants. The sun, astronomy tells us, appears to be under the same process, and, as it were, throwing off first formations—to clear his orb into greater glory, we must presume. All, moral and physical, speaks *progression and advance.*"

THE ANNUALS.

The first blush of these Christmas Holiday flowers (now more scarce than formerly) has just reached us from the well-regulated and productive green-house of Mr. Robert Fisher; and we must say it does great credit to the cultivation bestowed on these handsome productions.

Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap-book, for 1848, under the skilful superintendence of Mrs. Norton, could hardly fail to be beautiful and interesting. It is richly, variously, and plenteously embellished by no fewer than thirty-six engravings, among which are a large proportion of high merit, both in subject and execution, by Artists of the foremost rank.—J. R. Herbert, T. Allom, George Cattermole, D. MacIise, W. H. Bartlett, E. Corbould, E. T. Parris, A. E. Chalon, J. J. Penstone, M. W. Sharpe, Miss F. Corboux, J. Lucas, and R. Redgrave, are distinguished in the list; and the frontispiece, Marino Faliero, by Herbert; the Duenna, by Cattermole; Hope, by Parris; the Chelsea Pensioner, by Sharp; the Itinerant Doctor, by Allom; the French Lady, by Penstone; Waking Dreams, by Redgrave, and several of the portraits and groups of children, are specimens in several styles, which deserve our most special praise. The literary portion with which Lady Dufferin, Lady Harriette D'Orsay, Mr. Moncton Milnes, Otto Von Wenckstern and others, aid the accomplished Editor, is worthy of the plates; though in some instances the genius of poetry must have been circumscribed by the personal and local nature of the subject; and after all the pictures are generally the main attraction in such works. We quote, however, a few exam-

ples of the verse: the last stanza to Mario Nuzzi, the enthusiastic-painter, is very affecting.

" And now, in earth is Mario laid!
His tomb is very lonely;
Wife, nor child, nor friend are there,
But FLOWERS—FLOWERS only!
There they wave, through countless springs,
Freshest perfume giving,
And bend their heads to kiss his grave,
Who loved them so, when living!"

"Toasts" is playful.

TOASTS.

" When an admiral takes a great enemy's fleet,
And our flag is triumphant—which might have been beat:
When a general, fighting in countries afar,
Sends home an account of victorious war:
When a friend, from whose kindness it grieves us to sever,
Departs for long years—or it may be, for ever:
When a Railway Enchanter succeeds in each scheme,
As though 'twere the course of a fortunate dream,
And nothing his plans or his courage can damp,
But he seems to be rubbing Aladdin's old lamp:
When a Member contents his constituents well,
And proves that returning him was not 'a sell':
When a Premier, whose party has lately come in,
Is as dear to our hearts as the hopes we would win:
When a bachelor marries—a baby is born:
Or Cobden succeeds in the league about corn:
We have still but one possible way of revealing
The extent, and the depth, and the strength of our feeling:
Whether poor as a church-mouse,—or rolling in wealth,—
We give a great dinner, and drink to his health!
And therefore, from habit, (although I don't know
Why these quaint Chinese people have bid their cups flow)
I say, 'Hip, hip, hip,' and 'Hurrah' without end,
And I drink to the health of the Mandarin's friend!"

And the following, translated from the Danish of Andersen, by M. Von Wenckstern, embodies a striking idea:

" We march to the mournful death-march's sound,
How long is the way! how far off the ground!
Oh were he at rest, and all at an end,—
(This pain, I believe, my heart will rend!)
I have always loved him with fervent faith,
My hand-to-day must give him his death;
Nine men are chosen, his life to end;
I, too, am selected,—his brother—his friend!
His glance is fixed on the clear blue sky,
For the last time he looks to the sun on high;
A handkerchief over his eyes is prest,
Now may God give him a peaceful rest!
The nine having aimed at their mark so fair,
Eight balls have whistled aside through the air;
They all did tremble with sorrow and woe,
My ball alone through his heart did go!"

The Juvenile Scrap-book. By the Author of "The Women of England."

Along with the record of many important facts, it is the earnest desire of all concerned with this visitant of the fireside, that it should impress a spirit of hope and trust, of cheerfulness, contentment, and good-will. Such is Mrs. Ellis's declaration, and in this spirit is the volume for 1848 produced, both in its prose and its verse. The allegorical pieces seem well calculated to produce beneficial effects upon youthful minds; and the embellishments are, as usual, numerous, pretty, and appropriate. The tale, entitled "Prejudice," is our favourite of the whole; and will the able writer forgive us for pointing out what we consider a speck?—i.e., where in the introductory lines she says "it is of very little use talking to the old about the evils of prejudice, because they generally reply somewhat to this effect—'it is my way of thinking and that is enough.'" Now this may be a very just reproach for the old; but we should be very careful how we set them in so odious a light for the instruction of youth. We repeat our oft-told lesson,—nothing is so difficult as writing altogether rightly for the young. The phrase to "listen to silence" in "The Pride of the Forest," is a whimsical contradiction in words; and yet we commonly say we hear nothing. Not to be misunderstood by these remarks on trifles, we repeat this is an excellent Juvenile Annual.

The Inundation, or Peace and Pardon. A Christmas story, by Mrs. Gore.

A very few words will tell what this volume

is—it is, in our opinion, by far the best Christmas story which Mrs. Gore has written; and possesses all the most delightful features of her larger works. The natural simplicity and descriptiveness of the beginning, and the terrors of the ending, with an admirable *denouement* and well drawn characters complete its great attractions. We would not whisper a syllable of its construction (as our young friends would exclaim)—no! not for a thousand pounds!

The Crisis and the Crash. By Albert Williams, Pp. 16. J. Ollivier.

It is remarkable that this pamphlet takes up to a considerable degree the theory propounded by the Dutch financier, Wilson, reviewed in our last *Gazette*. Mr. Williams also attributes most important consequences to the relative preponderance of exports and imports, and the difference of exchanges. In conclusion he remarks:

" And I put forward the authority of Sir Thomas Gresham in support of the doctrine, that the keeping of treasure at home will enable the merchants to raise the exchanges abroad. He did it himself unaided, under very adverse circumstances at the commencement of his undertaking, and not only discharged a large and increasing debt, but also brought down the prices of foreign commodities in foreign countries. Surely that is the way to "buy in the cheapest market;" for even if the balance of trade be then unfavourable, (which under these circumstances it could hardly be,) we should yet export but little gold for many commodities, when the prices of those commodities in foreign countries are low; and if we also tax them on their arrival here, that tax will assuredly help to keep them low in the country where they are produced, besides its tendency to keep the gold at home. Reverse the case, (as free trade has done,) and you pay immense sums in gold for perishable commodities at an advanced price, and ours is then the country where all the productions of native industry are depreciated. Is it not so now? It was under a protective system that the gold came here, though corn came too, and manufactures were exported. It is under "free trade" that the gold is rapidly disappearing; corn running riot in price from low to high, and from high to low; manufactures brought nearly to a standstill, and commerce writhing in the agony of expiring credit. It was under a protective system that our transactions became gigantic. It is under a free trade triumph, that our merchants are paralyzed, and their resources crippled and crushed.

" If it can be shown, that we were worse off under protective laws, then, of course, it must be admitted that our position is improved, but if it be clear that the contrary is the truth, it is no less clear that the country will do well to insist that the fearful experiment into which it has been hurried, in the midst of popular excitement, having alike signally failed of attaining the objects which it was promised would instantly be accomplished, and of preventing those evils which we were confidently assured could never under its operation recur, shall henceforth be abandoned for the more rational and common sense principles, by which the nation was governed in prosperity, and which prosperity having been once restored, let us hope will ever after be guarded by the maintenance of those great principles, advocated by those distinguished men who truly told you, that those were the principles which made England great, and which alone can keep her so."

While Mr. Williams supports his views in a calm but decided manner, he never allows himself to be led into personalities, consequently, though his little pamphlet may fail to convince, it must command the respect of his opponents.

EAST INDIES.

[Continued from our last.]

We resume, as intimated when we left off, at Cuttack.

"I saw to-day a large hyaena gliding across the compound. I suppose he smelt some dead body on the beach. The Juggernath pilgrims come from very great distances, and many die on the road." In my compound alone, if I were to collect the skulls, bones, &c., I think I could make up eight or ten human skeletons. The other evening one of my servants came to me, and said, 'If you please, sir, there is a dead pilgrim in the compound, and the matee wants to know if he shall throw it away';—that is, throw it down on the bank for the jackals, &c. I would not let him do this, but sent notice to the commanding officer, who sent for the body, and, I suppose, threw it away. About two hours after this my wife was gone to bed, and I was sitting reading, when I felt something on my foot; I examined, and in my stocking found a large centipede. I contrived to kill him without being stung. * * * *

"From the 1st to the 11th of February is the Mohammedan festival of the Mohurrun, which is a grand scene. Every night drums beat, and dancing and merrymaking are kept up among the men only, as the Mohammedan women are kept in seclusion. In the compound the other day I saw about a dozen men, one of them thumping away on the horrible native drum called a 'tontom.' Two others held by heavy chains a tall sepoy (this word means a native soldier, and ought to be spelt 'sephali'), who was covered all over with a dress of calico, fitting tight to the skin—so much so that at first I thought he was naked. The calico was painted in alternate stripes of red and yellow, and he had two little yellow horns. I imagine it must have been intended to represent the devil conquered and chained by Mohammed. He made a number of antics, and ended, as all these people do, in begging for a few pice; I gave him three annas. The station of Cuttack is situated on a small island formed by the confluence of two rivers; during the hot weather this island becomes a peninsula joined to the main land by a narrow neck of sand. The advantage of this insular position is that, whilst we abound in alligators, we are free from bears and tigers, neither have we so many pariah-dogs as there were about Madnapore. The opposite bank swarms with tigers, and with a small telescope we can sometimes see them coming down to drink by moonlight. On the opposite bank, all round the island, except to the south, rise the rugged hills which dropped from Vishnu's fingers. There is one great comfort here: the sea is about fifty miles from us, in straight line towards the south, and every evening, at about five o'clock, a deliciously cool sea-breeze sets in from that direction. About seven it becomes quite gusty, and continues to blow until about one in the morning. It is necessary to have lived in such a climate as this to know how truly luxurious such evenings are after the intense heat of the day, which is now rapidly increasing. * * * *

"There is also an incessant whistling all around from what we call crickets, though they are somewhat different from those in England. A number of grasshoppers, about two inches long, of a light green, are hopping about on the table, and occasionally on my paper. On the wall are several long-tailed lizards! they are only slightly venomous; and, though extremely ugly, we are always glad to see them, because they eat the mosquitoes. Round the ceiling are circling three large bats, which my mongoose, sitting in a corner, keeps watching. Should one fall, he would seize and devour him in an instant. A wild cat came through the room just now, and took a peep at me; but the mongoose growled, and it ran

away. It was small; but it has been very destructive in the poultry-yard."

The story of a native destroyed in the water, between a panther and an alligator, is of the Munchausen vein (where the lion leapt over him into the throat of the huge serpent, and he cut off both their heads at one blow); and the power of the human eye in quailing the *fera natura*, if steadfastly fixed upon them, is exemplified by tales no less marvellous. We will, however, rather pursue the more entertaining:

"At Chindapore four of us one morning started for a walk over the sands. We took no shoes nor stockings, and had our trowsers tucked up to the knees. How we did laugh at eyeing ourselves! we were like a set of merry boys. Every now and then one of us would step upon a quick-sand and sink down half up his legs, and have to scramble out. Then, as we ran along in the water about six or eight inches deep, we would suddenly see two or three sea-scorpions, and run away, or perhaps slip or stumble over a piece of rock, and then down we came, and all roared with laughter, and then the magistrate sang out:

* There was an old man at Barbago,
He lived upon nothing but sago:—
Oh! how he did jump,
When a doctor said, plump,
To a roast leg of mutton you may go."

I caught a couple of the sea-scorpions; they do not sting, but cut with the edge of their tails, and it is said that the wound is incurable. They are covered with a large shell."

The hunters hear a noise, and the Chaplain goes on:

"* It is a great hyaena!" shouted I, as with another growl an enormous one sneaked out of the bushes up the bank opposite to that on which we stood. Bang! went the Captain's gun and mine at the same time;—down fell the brute, up again, turned round, yelled, and screamed, inclined to make a rush at us. Bang! bang! again with the other barrels, and with a scream the animal bounded off on three legs, his hind thigh having been broken by one of our balls. 'Powder! powder, quickly!' was the cry, and our men handed us the powder and balls: we reloaded as quickly as possible, our hands trembling with excitement.

"Give chase!" I shouted, and off we set as hard as we could run towards the other bank, where the beast was still running, and turning every now and then to snarl at us. 'Cooles, drive him hither!' cried Captain W., and on we bounded; but the coolies were not at all willing to obey the command, and so we had a long chase, 'I'll fire; you mind him if he turns,' exclaimed W. Bang! A yell from the hyena, and down he rushes towards me. Bang! he's down—no—up again. Another shot from Captain W., and over he tumbles, and is dead in a few minutes.

"The excitement of such a chase is very great. I was hot and tired, and also fat; but when I saw the enormous brute, all was forgotten, and I leaped down the rocks, scrambled up the hills, and bounded over the bushes, as if I had been a boy. * * * *

"I and almost all the gentlemen," continues our chatty author, "ride on horseback, or rather ponyback. At Cuttack only rich civilians keep horses; all we poor men are content with ponies. I have three beauties: two of them, Birnah ponies, for the carriage, are of a large size, thick built, very strong, and highly valued on account of their hardihood. It is usual to keep their manes cropped close, but I like to see them long. One carries me very well; the other is a saddle-pony, which does either for myself or my wife. It is bay, with black mane and tail, very sleek, with thin ankles and arching neck. Indeed, several people who have looked at him say he is the best-built horse they ever saw. He is full of fire and play, jumps about, and every now and then stands

upon his hind legs. But he will not bear to be annoyed by strangers. A friend of mine was riding him one day, and teased him so much that at last he reared and fell over backwards with him. The carriage-horses are what is called sorrel-colour.

"The second drawback to the comfort of Pooree is rather a curious one, and is, I suppose, caused by the wind and the glare of the sun upon the sands. It is the impossibility for any one to keep awake during the day. Towards twelve o'clock an overpowering drowsiness comes on. Once or twice I have resisted it, and on those occasions I verily believe that in the evening, had I shut my eyes, I should have gone to sleep upon my feet. This is the universal complaint of all visitors to that place. The regular residents get over it.

"Talking of the night reminds me of a general habit which would seem very odd to people in England. A person would imagine that every body is very fidgety at night, and rolls and tosses about a great deal in the very hot weather. To render ourselves more comfortable at such times, we have a number of pillows of all shapes, and sizes, and hardnesses, scattered about the bed. At one roll you lay your leg on one and your arm on another, then you turn over to the other side, and then, throwing your feet on to one pillow, you hold another fast under your arm: that won't do, and you roll over on your back, with one pillow under your knee and another under each arm, and so on through the night. I can assure you that, however absurd it may appear, this multiplicity of pillows is a very great comfort on very hot nights, although when you awake you certainly often find your self and them in very funny positions.

"We had but little hunting; while we were there one of our party killed a beautiful spotted deer. I shot some peacocks and a jungle-cock. Talking of hunting reminds me of an adventure which I must relate. The commissioner is the stoutest man I have seen in India, although my wife did insinuate the other day that I was nearly as big, but I am not."

We forbear the adventure, for another moral of the personal:

"The Rajah," (very roughly, contumeliously, and, according to Mr. Acland's account, very improperly treated by the English officials, civil and military, as he also represents the natives almost universally to be,) he relates on an occasion of a visit to one—"the Rajah, I suppose, finding me more civil than the others, gave me a great mark of honour. He took me on his own elephant, while heacted as mahout, and whenever any roughness occurred on the ground he turned to warn me of it. I own that I did not enjoy the honour much. The elephant was covered with a crimson cloth, so that there were no ropes to hold by. The only way in which I could manage was to sit astride. It was really most painful, and I almost doubted whether I should ever be able to get my legs together again. I had two brace of pistols with me. The Rajah appeared very much pleased with them, and, to make up for the rudeness of our party, I gave him one of the pair. He was delighted, and I was sadly laughed at for giving anything to a nigger. His palace is a fine white building on the side of one of the hills."

We shall conclude with two other extracts:

"I could not (Mr. A. says) shoot a monkey, their actions and their cries are so like human beings. I know of a case in which an officer shot one, and the whole herd instantly sprang from the trees and attacked him; it was with difficulty he was saved. They are most interesting creatures."

Our last relates to the ruins of the great ancient city, Bhojaneswar, celebrated for containing 999 temples:

"The natives say that, had there been a

thousand, Juggernath would have taken up his abode here; but as there were not he preferred having a new temple for himself at Pooree. The ancient city has disappeared, and the town only consists of a few hundred mud huts. The temples, however, remain—some perfect, others in ruins; some facing the street of the modern town, others half hidden in the surrounding jungle. It is a wonderful place, and I hardly know how to describe it.

"At one extremity of the town is a tank, about half a mile square, and of a great depth, entirely faced with huge blocks of black iron-stone. In the centre of this stands a small temple, whilst the sides are surrounded by others of greater or less size. At the end next the town an enormous flight of steps leads down to the water, where hundreds of pilgrims were hastening to wash themselves before entering the great temple. The farther end is bordered by a dense and lofty jungle, and in the distance is a splendid background of rugged hills.

"After leaving the burrah tellores (great tank) we walked through a lane of temples, many of which were ruinous, until we came to the grand sacred edifice of the place. The form of this, as indeed, of most of the others, is similar to that of Pooree. The temple of Bhojhoneswar is, however, larger, the principal tower being about two hundred feet high. Like all the others, it is built entirely of stone, and every block is most elaborately carved. The various cornices of elephants, horses, &c., are as beautifully executed, as if they had been done by the best European artists. The fretwork is most delicate in its livery, and the many images, though representing grotesque figures, are admirably carved. The whole forms one mass of most splendid sculpture.

"No description would enable the reader to form any idea of the magnificence of this building. Many of the blocks of stone are fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five feet in length, and thick in proportion. It would be curious to discover by what means they were ever raised to the height of above one hundred feet. This temple is still sacred, and we were therefore not allowed to enter it, but we examined the interior of several of the others. The lofty domes were evidently constructed by a people who were ignorant of the use of the arch; they are formed of overlapping stones, approaching nearer and nearer together until they reach the top, where the whole is surmounted by one enormous block.

"We breakfasted in a small tent which we had sent forward to Bhojhoneswar, and then proceeded in our palanquins to Cundeegeeर, a distance of about seven miles. This latter place consists of three hills, surrounded by the most romantic-looking jungle. Our palanquins were set down in what may be called a forest, at the foot of the principal hill, and crowned by a small but very pretty white temple. These hills are perforated in every direction with caves of various dimensions, and reminded me most forcibly of the ancient Petra. Many of the caves are inhabited by devotees and priests. The god whom they worship is quite unknown to our Hindoo servants: he is called Persilath, and is the god of the Jains, who were a powerful race that existed prior to the introduction of the Hindu religion. There are very few of them now remaining. The god is represented as a naked man, standing upright, with his arms hanging down by his sides. In many of the caves are small images of this deity, beautifully cut in a dark blue stone.

"At the summit is a Jain temple, which has been rebuilt within the last two hundred years. The Hindus say that the caves are the works of demons. Above the entrances to many of them are long inscriptions in a forgotten tongue. Several of the letters appear to resemble the Greek; but most of them are different from any

known language. The entrance to one of the caverns is through the mouth of an enormous lion's head, cut out of the solid rock: it is exceedingly well executed. The pillars about the doorway are also cut out of the solid rock. Within the lion's mouth is an inscription in two lines, which I copied.

"Many of the caves are large and lofty, others very small: there are some not high enough for a man to stand upright; of these latter several have very small entrances, and in these are devotees who had vowed never to leave them alive. The wonder seems how they could ever have managed to creep in. I saw some of these holy men: one of them had entirely lost his sight; another had his right arm shrivelled, and fixed in an upright position, with the nails, several inches in length, growing through the palm of his hand. What suffering do these heathens endure for the sake of their religion, whilst we are so unwilling to do even a little to please the true God! Their superstitions are most disgusting; but they are a reproach to us, both for our inertness in attempting to convert the Hindus, and also for the contrast they afford to our self-control, who call ourselves Christians.

"In the solid rock of these hills have been excavated some tanks; but the most marvellous thing of all is the palace of the ancient rajahs. This, like all the rest, is hollowed out of the solid stone, and consists of two stories: the lower comprises a good-sized square court, surrounded on all sides by large excavated chambers. Into this yard you are obliged to descend from above.

"The upper floor is similarly cut, except that a large portion of the rock has been cut away before the entrances were made to the chambers. The consequence is that there is a broad terrace overlooking the rooms beneath, and upon which the several apartments of the upper story open. What labour must have been employed in making these extraordinary excavations! The chambers are narrow, about twelve feet wide, but many of them are long; speaking from conjecture, I should say that one of them was not less than forty feet, the length corresponding with the direction of the side of the quadrangle. The entrance-walls (if I may call them so) seem to have been much ornamented; but what struck me most was a statue, cut, of course, out of the solid rock, and supporting one side of an ornamented entrance to one of the chambers. This statue, the natives say, is intended to represent the rajah who founded the palace; it is nearly the size of life, and well preserved. The right arm hangs down by the side, the left is bent at the elbow, the hand resting on the hip. On the head appears to be a close helmet, with, I think, scales down each side of the face. The dress consists of a short shirt of scale-armour reaching down to the thigh; below this hangs a cloth skirt to the knees; hanging from the shoulder behind is a short cloak resembling that worn by our modern horsemen; round the waist is a sash or loose belt; boots reaching half way to the knees, and at the side is a double-edged Roman sword. Now, to what nation or people such a dress as this can have belonged, I cannot conceive. I feel confident that no people of India have ever worn such garments; yet, when I look at this dress, and consider the Grecian nature of many of the letters in the inscriptions, and the un-Indian appearance of the pillars in the lion's mouth, I cannot help asking myself whether it is possible that, when Alexander was stopped by the Afghans, any of his people ventured still farther into the country, and after various wanderings, founded Cundeegeeर, as conquerors of the district. Or, if I wish to turn my speculations in another direction, I may examine the dress, carved in stone, and that statue, and think of the name of the reputed founder, Lalal, India, Kesari (quere Caesar?). All this, however, is mere speculation, as I have no sufficient

data at present by which to arrive at any conclusion. There is a much longer inscription very correctly copied in Stirling's 'History of Orissa.'

The Characteristics of the Present Age. By Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Translated from the German by William Smith. Pp. 271. London: John Chapman.

FICHTE'S European reputation as one of the foremost of German Philosophers has recommended his works, of which this is a portion, to an able translation. We do not call to mind the volumes which have preceded the present,* and as we cannot anticipate what is to follow,† we must confine our remarks simply to what is before us. Fichte belongs to the class of transcendentalists and though sometimes difficult enough to understand, is generally more intelligible than most of his brethren. His aspirations are elevated and pure, and his soul seems earnest in the seeking for truth. The great principle evoked, is the merging of individual man, and the present time of his earthly career, in the universality of the human race and eternity. Progress to an ultimate perfection, and consummate happiness, are the hopes held out.—May they (Oh, our Readers!) be realized for us all.

Essay on the Constitution of Society, as designed by God. By Daniel Bishop. Lond. A. Hall & Co.

ANOTHER Daniel, it may be, come to judgment, but *certes* not another Bishop. Liberty and equality, no hereditary rights, all things in common,—the Tom Paine, Owen, St. Simon, and Fourier systems combined,—such are the principles and measures advocated in this rather long, double-columned, and small-typed work of 132 pages. The drift is "Love God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourself;" but have a total Revolution, and then love yourself better than your neighbour, for if he is richer than you, take his spoil and divide it.

The Christian Reader. Selected and arranged by John Slater. Pp. 424.

A THIRD edition of an excellent work for family reading. It is of most various character, yet every piece calculated to improve the mind, and amend the conduct.

The Children of the New Forest. By Captain Marryat, R.N. Vol. II. H. Hurst.

CONCLUDES an interesting tale of the period of Charles I. for the Juvenile Library, combining so thoroughly amusement and interest, with instruction, that it ought to be a favourite with old and young. Captain Marryat is always truth-like: Defoe himself is not his superior in this respect. Here we have history, well-drawn characters, and stirring events; and what more could be desired? A moral influence! we have that also, and inculcated in a pleasing manner.

Where's Eliza? Pp. 68. London. W. Strange. The walls of London, for several weeks past, have been diffusely placarded with the incomprehensible inquiry, in huge letters, "Where's Eliza?" of which placard and the public curiosity it has excited, the writer of this little squib has ingeniously taken advantage, to get at least a popular title for his work. A Miss Eliza Brown elopes from Clapham, and is pursued in vain by her Irish cousin, Macipkin: "Where's Eliza?" is the cry, and the tale runs through a lot of travel and incidents, which may amuse the readers of such trifles. The true explanation of the placard, refers, we are told, to Laurent's Casino, but as we do not frequent resorts of that kind, we cannot furnish any information on the subject.

* "The Nature of the Scholar."

† "The Doctrine of Religion."

Yearsley on Deafness. Pp. 181. J. Churchill.
S. Highley.

A REPETITION at length of the writer's oft-repeated views, with which we should imagine the public at large were tolerably familiar, in consequence of the assiduity with which they have been put forward.

The Anabasis of Xenophon. By the Rev. J. F. MacMichael, B.A. London : G. Bell.

FOUNDED on the excellent text of Bornemann, this edition of the Anabasis is admirably fitted to support its name as a "Grammar School Classic." The notes are valuable, and three maps illustrative of the extraordinary expedition, very useful auxiliaries. W. F. Ainsworth's recent work has supplied much excellent information.

Forms and Ballads. By Julia Tilt. Pp. 158.
E. Churton.

Our dear young ladies, let the public be as apathetic as it likes about poetry, will write poems, and, what is more, publish them. We are loath to say they do not always seem worthy of the distinction, but as they are rather proofs of amiable weakness than of aught to provoke censure, we are generally inclined to pass them over in silence, or select only such a specimen as the following, "To the Memory of Sir R. Sale," &c.

"Shouts of Glory are rending the sky,
Which are wasted from Indus to here,
But echo sends only a sigh,
To hallow the warrior's bier."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Constantinople, September 12, 1847.

DEAR SIR.—My last letter was written off Galatz, a port of Moldavia, where I spent the day with a gentleman, to whom I had been introduced by letter. The town is situated on a mount, with some slightly elevated ground in its rear; its trade in corn has increased wonderfully within the last few years, and last year I understood there were upwards of 200 British ships. The resident merchants are much cast down by the failures that have taken place in the corn trade in London. The climate is not good—ague and fever very prevalent. At 8 p.m., (4th September), we left our hospitable host and embarked on board the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, "Baron Eichhoff," which, like all the steamers belonging to that excellent company (and I experienced their comforts on the voyage from Alexandria to Trieste, *vii* Corfu, last year), is most admirably managed. I should mention that there are Austrian and Russian consuls, and a British vice-consul at Galatz; and an hotel (Hôtel Moldavia), which, however, is no great thing. I heard deplorable accounts while there, of the demoralized state of the peasantry, as well as of the Boyars or Noblesse: slavery exists to a great extent. We left Galatz about 3 a.m., on the 5th, and about 8 a.m. were abreast of a new town called Teaty, on the Turkey side of the Danube, and which appeared to be a place of no small activity, as I counted no fewer than five sloops and brigs that were in progress of construction. After passing this town, the banks possess but little interest. On the right bank is the "Delta," or neutral ground; and on the left is Bessarabia, a Russian province, with rough guard-houses and still wilder Cossacks, with their lances, every mile. The land on both sides of the river is marshy and flat. From Galatz to the embouchure of the Danube is about 88 miles, and off Sulina, a Russian settlement, the river enters the Black Sea, the steamer passing over a bar. It has been in contemplation to form a canal from Basova to Kustringen, on the Black Sea, by which upwards of 30 hours would be saved in the passage between Vienna and Constantinople, but want of pecuniary means has hitherto prevented so desirable an undertaking.

being carried out. Were such a canal to be constructed, the advantage which the Russians possess by garrisoning Sulina at the mouth of the Danube, would be lost. The entire trip from Vienna to the Black Sea has been to me a most interesting one. I would recommend my countrymen not to be daunted by the very terrible account of the insularity of the Danube, as alluded to by that otherwise excellent "Murray's Handbook." How the worthy editor, even in a late edition, could have given such an account, is surprising; he evidently is under the impression that a voyage down the Danube is as bad as a residence at Sierra Leone. All that the journey requires is a determination not to be put out with little inconveniences; on no account to sleep at night on the deck of the steamer, and to view everything as much as possible *couleur de rose*. I forget whether, in my former letter, I recommended the traveller down the Danube to take some good wine and English porter (all procurable at Vienna) with him. I have been eight days from Vienna to the Black Sea, without counting a day spent at Pesth. The Danube, as you are aware, empties itself into the Black Sea by four mouths; of these that of Sulina is considered the safest. Circassia is on the north eastern shore, and the Russians have a chain of posts, and a large camp not far from the sea, but from what I can learn have not made much progress towards the subjugation of the Circassians. I had an invitation to the Russian camp, and was very sorry that my time would not admit of my visiting so interesting a country. The Russian colony at Sulina consists of about one dozen houses; it has a small garrison of marines, and a corvette is stationed at the entrance of the Danube. The "exit" of the Danube through this mouth (Sulina), is in keeping with the character of this magnificent river. About 12 o'clock the next day we reached Varna, having been delayed for three hours by the breaking of our piston in the night. Varna itself, is, like most Eastern towns, dirty, but the country behind it is bold and picturesque. A consul (Colonel Neale) has just been appointed by the English Government, as the extensive grain trade, and the large operations carried on by the English merchants of Constantinople, &c., at Varna, required the presence of such an officer. Left Varna at ten, and about 8 a.m. next morning (17th September), entered the Bosphorus. I will not fatigue you with any description of what has been so often dilated on. Suffice it to say, that, like (I fancy) the majority of those who have enjoyed this splendid sight, all my anticipations were more than realized.

An inhabitant of Pera, an Italian, who was standing near me on the deck of the steamer, told me he had sailed up the Bosphorus a hundred times and more, and every time discovered some new beauties. We got to our hotel by 10 o'clock, and found that the English ambassador was at Therapia, to which place I proceeded. Lovely views of the Bosphorus were met with in our land journey, which occupied about two hours. From all that I can learn, Turkey is really advancing in civilization. The people are being educated, not only at the capital, but measures are in progress for the institution of normal and other schools throughout the Ottoman Empire. A school for painting and design has been established, and the proficiency of the scholars has been remarkable. The pupils of the Medical College have also made very satisfactory progress. A University is in course of construction, at which 400 young Mussulmen are to be received—to be fed and educated at the expense of the Government, and 400 or 500 more of *all* religions are to be received as out-door scholars. This is a most interesting step in the "march" of religious toleration. All classes unite in praising the present Sultan, who is described as being most desirous to do his utmost to promote the welfare of his

country. Although a little crotchety at times he is a man of most amiable and mild temper and has most effectually crushed the malpractices of the public officers employed in remote districts of his empire. In my former letter to you, I mentioned the imposition of a toll on a bridge in Pesth, which the poor *only* are called upon to pay. In this city, the present Sultan has directed a toll to be levied on a new bridge of boats, within the last two years, but *all* persons pay it, from the highest Pacha to the labourer. The English Palace, and a handsome Theatre of stone, are building, and the former will soon be completed, under the auspices of an English engineer of energy and talent. The Sultan has a theatre in his palace, and his wives view the mimic scene. The *rôles* are filled by Turks—French and Italian operas and plays being translated into Turkish. I have been very lucky in being in time to see the Sultan and his brilliant suite and principal grandees assist at the festival of the Bairam. It was a very splendid sight. To-morrow (13th), I leave the city of the Sultan, by steamer (English) to Samsan, and on from thence on horseback to Mussool, and the "City of the Caliphs," which I trust to reach in about four weeks' time. It will be a tough ride!

Yours, truly,

E. R. P.

P.S.—A cotton manufactory has been established by the Sultan under American management, and the results, so far as the matter has yet "progressed," are very satisfactory, both as to quality and quantity.

The long agitated question as to boundaries between Turkey and Persia, has at last been settled by the labours of the mixed commission, the British member of which, Col. Williams, a man of talent, great tact, and indomitable energy, is now about leaving for England on a few months' leave of absence. He is, I believe, to return to see that the provisions of the Treaty are duly carried out by the contracting powers. I met M. Layard also at Constantinople—the indefatigable antiquarian by whose zealous labours, so many interesting and wonderful discoveries of antiquities, &c., have been made near Mussool. The Sultan has, I believe, granted the land, together with the antiquities found thereon, to the British Government. A small portion of the antiquities have already been transmitted to England.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ANNULAR ECLIPSE.

FEARING that the atmosphere would not be favourable for observing the eclipse on the 9th inst., at Paris, (and such was the case) M. Arago had requested M.M. Mauvais and Goujon to proceed to Orleans, and M. Lauzier to Clermont (Oise). In the latter place the sky was less favourable than at Paris. At Orleans M.M. Mauvais and Goujon saw the eclipse, but only from 6h. 49m. The sun was then eclipsed about a quarter of the diameter. They commenced by observing the occultations of the spots, but the great undulation of the atmosphere, which gave to the edges of the sun and moon the jagged appearance of a saw, prevented any exact determination of the immersions. At 7h. 30m. the air had become more calm, and they prepared to watch the formation of the annulus, which M. Mauvais thus describes:—The extremities of the cusps of the sun were then excessively sharp, but no distortions were apparent; only the atmospheric undulations gave to them a serpentine form. When the cusps had embraced three-quarters of the circumference of the moon, they began to advance more rapidly one before the other, their progression being very sensible to the eye. From this moment I noticed several times that the movement of progression was not

uniform, but by jumps; it was not continuous, for sometimes a luminous track was seen in advance of the cusp, and not connected with it. The dark interval was at first ten seconds, it re-filled by degrees with light, and sometimes the detached parts were insensibly resolved. These detached points appeared at first feeble, and less resplendent than the rest of the sun; they acquired little by little more brilliancy, but without change of colour. When the extremities of the two cusps of the sun were about 25° from each other, there was suddenly formed a series of about ten or twelve luminous points, separated one from the other; they appeared almost simultaneously in the whole extent of this arc. These points, these luminous traces, prolonged more or less concentrically to the circumference of the sun, closely resembled the mountains of the moon seen in the first quarter, in the obscure, and very near the bright part. All these detached points took about thirteen seconds to re-unite, and to form a continuous arc. This re-union occurred at 7h. 33m. 52s. Paris mean time. The breaking up of the annulus was observed at 7h. 36m. 22.7s. But the difficulty of selecting the instant when the ring should be considered as completely formed, renders the determination of these two phases of the eclipse very uncertain. I did not observe the long black threads said to have been seen in other eclipses, nor the beads, nor the jagged edges.—M. Mauvais examined the dark surface of the moon with a Savart's polariscope, but could not detect a trace of polarization. He tried, several times, to see, without the sun, the dark part of the moon which he had seen at Perpignan on a former eclipse, but nothing even similar was observable. In examining the cusps attentively, he thought that before the formation of the annulus, the right (apparent) cusp was more drawn out than the left, whilst after the completion of the ring, the left appeared the sharpest. The end of the eclipse was observed at 8h. 57m. 48.7s. Paris mean time. The geographical position of the Cathedral of Orleans, where the observers were stationed, is longitude 0° 25' 35" west of Paris; latitude 47° 54' 7"; height of the position above the churchyard, 14m., and above the level of the sea, 130m.

Phenomenon during the late Eclipse.—Mr. Foster states that the eclipse on Saturday the 9th was accompanied by a rare phenomenon, which he cannot possibly account for, and which has been observed only once before in Italy. Towards the middle of the eclipse, a luminous ring, much more brilliant than the rest of the solar surface, appeared above the disc of the moon. This phenomenon seemed to indicate an atmosphere around the moon, but it might perhaps be explained by optics. Unfortunately the clouds succeeded each other with such rapidity that the sun was visible only at rare intervals, and this prevented him from taking accurate observations. The previous night, at 7 minutes before 2 o'clock, when he was already taking his astronomical observations, Mr. Foster saw a yellow meteor, which rose at 29° 3' S.E. from the planet Mars, and travelling E.N.E. disappeared below the horizon, leaving a long train of light behind; 10' 4" after it, he saw another meteor going in the same direction close to the horizon, but as it had originated in the south, the light was of a delicate pale blue.

Spots on the Sun.—Since the eclipse, two very large groups of dark spots have appeared near the sun's centre.

A NEW PLANET.

On the 18th inst. Mr. Hind, at Mr. Bishop's Observatory, Regent's Park, found another Planet near Orion. He thus writes to the *Times*:—"Last night at 11 h. 20 m., mean time, I discovered another new planet, not far from the star

15 Orionis. It shines as a star of the ninth magnitude, with a bluish light. By micrometrical comparisons with Bessel V, 48, the following positions were obtained:—

G. M. T.	Right Ascension.		North Declination.			
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Oct. 18, at 11 40 4 ..	5	3	40.11 ..	14	3	35.4
15 4 10 ..	5	3	41.51 ..	14	3	26.2
15 52 27 ..	5	3	41.97 ..	14	3	25.3

"It is probable that this object is one of the group of planets between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, at present not far from its stationary point."

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

6th September.—Mr. W. Spence, President, in the chair. Among the donations were specimens of a singular, strong, leather-like material of large size, formed by an insect over Indian maize, laid up in store in Mexico, presented by Mr. Evans. Mr. E. Doubleday exhibited some singular galls from China, of which a cargo had been recently imported as an article of commerce. Mr. S. Stevens exhibited a number of rare and beautiful British *Lepidoptera* recently captured, including three species new to this country. Mr. White made some observations on certain Australian and New Zealand insects. Mr. Spence exhibited a new species of the singular genus *Nemoptera*, from New Holland; also specimens of the larva of a species of *Noctuidae* which has proved very destructive to the turnip crop this year. Mr. Ingpen exhibited a specimen of the migratory locust, captured in Hyde Park; and Mr. W. Thomson, specimens of a new British moth, and also of a trap-door spider from Barbary. Communications on the natural history of various species of *aphides*, were read from Dr. Schaum, Messrs. F. Walker, A. Smeet, and G. H. K. Thwaites. A monograph on the British species of the genus *Chrysopa*, was also read by Mr. Evans, and some notes on the atmospheric peculiarities observed during the occurrence of the swarming *Coccinellidae* in August, by Mr. Westwood, who also exhibited various specimens illustrating the natural history of different species of insects. The capture of *Polia lichenia* (a new British species) in the New Forest by Mrs. Nines, was also mentioned by Mr. Douglas.

4th October.—Mr. W. Yarrell, V.P., in the chair. It was announced that a new quarterly part of the Transactions, (vol. V. pt. 2), and a new sheet of the proceedings, were read for delivery to the members. Several specimens of the migratory locust from various localities were exhibited by Messrs. Stevens, Bond, &c., and Mr. Bedell exhibited an extensive series of *Microlepidoptera*, including several new British species. Mr. Westwood exhibited specimens and drawings of new Indian *Cetoniidae*, also specimens of some new *Lepidoptera* from the western coast of Africa, communicated by the Rev. T. Savage; he also read the description of a new species of *Nemoptera* from Western Australia. Mr. Bond exhibited a specimen of *Buprestis Mauritanica*, captured alive in Plaistow Marshes, and Mr. White read some extracts from notes, made by Mr. Adams, on Tropical *Arachnida*.

HANOVERIAN MEDICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

At the last meeting of this Society, held on Saturday last, the following gentlemen were elected the officers for the current (being the 17th) session, 1847-48:

President.—C. J. Hare, M.D.; J. E. Erichsen, Esq.

Treasurer.—William Stroud, M.D.

Hon. Secretary.—William Camps, M.D.

Council.—W. D. Chowne, M.D.; J. G. Forbes, Esq.; J. C. Langmore, Esq.

FINE ARTS.

ART UNION OF LONDON.

We have before us copies of the two prints, and seven outlines reduced from the cartoons, which are to be forthwith issued to the members of this Society. We are happy to state that they are of a very satisfactory and attractive description. The Last Embrace, painted by T. Uwins, R.A., and engraved by C. Rolls, is an affecting composition, and sweetly executed. The countenances are replete with beautiful, though sorrowful, expression, and the whole group is almost more touching in the print than in the painting,—for there are no colours in the former to give even a glow of warmth to the sad and chilling ceremony. A Neapolitan Wedding, by the same artist, engraved by F. A. Heath is a joyous contrast, though itself somewhat alloyed by melancholy. Two of the juvenile heads are full of spirit; the third not so successful. Of the cartoons we spoke at the time they were exhibited, and the Art Union assigned Mr. Selous the prize of £500. The seven here selected from the competition are Scharf's Non Anglised Angels; Scott's Saxon Almsgiving; Salter's Alfred; Paton's Seizure of Roger Mortimer; Corbould's Welcome of Henry VI. into London; Claxton's Spenser, and Armitage's Howard visiting an Asiatic Prison, which are ably rendered in the outlines.

When on the subject of Art Union prizes we have a suggestion to offer which we deem to be well deserving of the consideration of the directors. It is notorious to all who visited the last exhibition in Westminster Hall, and has been much talked of by the most eminent artists and judges of art amongst us, that though not inclined to arraign, with any severity of comment, the decision of the premiums, there were entertained very strong opinions that some of the best works were passed over in the award. Now we would suggest to the Art Union to purchase, say two or three of the most distinguished of these, and constitute them their leading prizes at the next distribution in Drury-Lane. This would be a great encouragement of the great and elevated in art, and redeem the Society from the charge of patronizing mediocrity. It would be truly national. They might be engraved: the funds now subscribed amount to a very large sum. There is Sir W. Allan's noble picture of Waterloo; there is Sydney Cooper's admirable animal canvas on the same glorious subject; there is Haydon's Aristides, and there are Carmichael's Cook and Fairy; Corbould's Troubadour, William Eynesham; R. S. Lauder's two sacred subjects; Sam's Expulsion; Woolnoth's Wreck, and other fine compositions also "for choice." We think the adoption of this course would reflect much credit on the Art Union, and we trust they will think of it.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

FRANCE.

Paris, Oct. 19, 1847.

THE Théâtre Français re-opens to night. Well might we, did not past experience counsel a more sober judgment,—well might we imagine that we are entering a new era, and that *chefs d'œuvre* will shower down in plenty upon this stage, newly painted, newly decorated, brilliant with fresh colouring and gilding. But alas! painters and decorators are very numerous, whilst comic or tragic poets are very scarce. We are, however, promised the following, together with the *Cleopatra* of M. de Girardin:—a political comedy, *les Aristocrates*, attributed to M. Etienne Arago, the brother of our astronomer; we shall see what inspirations against the noble Cartes, he has drawn from his opinions, so essentially and violently democratic;—a five-act play, entitled *le Puff et la Réclame*, by M. Eugène Scribe. M. Scribe

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wrote, some 15 or 16 years ago, a charming vaudeville, entitled *le Charlatanism*; since then he has again written on the same ground-work, —satire upon our quacks, a five-act comedy, *la Camaraderie*, which obtained a most honourable success. And now there is really good ground for fearing that he intends, like a prudent economist, to favour us with a third edition of the same idea, a third concoction of the self-same ingredients.

Another academician, M. Ancelot, ex-manager of the *Vaudeville* has presented a comedy, entitled *la Rue Quincampoix*, which has been accepted. Now, M. Ancelot is not merely a dramatic author, he also writes the theatrical *feuilleton* of a political paper, and the following are the terms in which he has thought proper to announce, without naming himself, his own work :

"The French Academy has determined to concur in the regeneration of this glorious stage, which has given so many illustrious members to its ranks ; two academicians have severally presented a five-act play (here follow the titles given above). The Administration seems to rest most brilliant hopes upon these two works. May the judgment of the public confirm these two previsions ! *None desire this more ardently than we do.*"

How do you like this announcement, these anticipations, and especially the last little hit ? Would they not afford to M. Scribe an excellent hit for his comedy of the *Puff* ?

Whilst we are talking of the French Academy, it is as well to mention a fact which none of our journals have yet noticed, which I hold from authentic sources, and which throws much light upon the very proper impulse given to the first literary body of France.

The Academy has been several times commissioned by private individuals to award a literary recompence, by many a reward to virtue, &c., &c. Amongst the former we find an annual fund of 10,000f. (£400) legally left by a young man, the Baron Gobert, to be given to the best work on French History, which shall have been produced during the year ; with the subsidiary clause that this income shall be continued to the author of the said work, as long as a new work of still superior merits shall not have produced a better title for the golden palm. Since the last eight years—the period when the prize was first awarded—it has remained in the possession of the two writers who had then obtained it : M. Augustin Thierry, for his *Récits des Temps Mérovingiens*, and M. Bazin, for his *Histoire de Louis XIII.* Without in the least contending against the merits of these two works, much could be said as to the manner in which the Academy has interpreted the will of M. Gobert, and upon the want of encouragement, which is the result of such lengthened persistence in a first choice. But this is not the point ; it is for the remainder of my tale that I would chiefly solicit your attention.

For eight years, as I was telling you, the Academy has faithfully remitted to the two Laureates the 10,000f. awarded to them, without subtracting one farthing, which, indeed, seemed natural enough. But this year, suddenly changing their minds, they laid an embargo upon a portion of the sum in which they were indebted, and to the pretty tune of 900f. (£36). When a reason was asked for this novel proceeding, they adduced the necessity in which the members of this great literary *Areopagus* stood of reading, and, consequently, of purchasing all the works presented for competition.

Now, really need I add this ?—not one writer offering to compete for the prize of 10,000f., has ever omitted giving to each of his judges a copy of his work ; and from this simple fact it follows that the academicians—or at least a few of the number, the poor, the needy, the mendi-

cants, and some there are—pocket, without the slightest right, as a supplementary provision to their *jetons de présence*, about one-tenth of the reward given to two writers, not by the Academy, but by M. Gobert, who is thus unscrupulously robbed, probably because he is dead.

The enthusiasm which Mlle. Alboni has created amongst our dilettanti has not yet subsided, albeit the sweet melodist has left us. Anecdotes out of number are everywhere current respecting this charming person—but yesterday unknown to fame, and uncared for by all.

She is shewn to us, dressed as man, at a *table d'hôte* in Berlin, boxing the ears of a Prussian officer, for some inconsiderate speech. He demands satisfaction, a meeting is appointed for the next day, and the next day, instead of a handsome young fellow, he finds a lovely woman quite ready to leave to him the choice of arms.

I leave to you to decide whether it was allowed to rest here. The other story is dated from London. It is said that, when on the eve of signing the engagement, which bound her for three years to the management of Covent Garden, she exacted as a *sine-qu-a-non* condition, the re-engagement of a poor devil of a stage manager whom the Lessee had dismissed a few days previously, and who, with a large family on his hands, knew not what saint to invoke. You can, better than me, ascertain the truth of these green-room chronicles, and, be it well understood, I do not in any way vouch for their accuracy.

M. Jules Janin, having acquired a taste for exhumations, since he has resuscitated *Clarissa Harlow*, has just published a new edition of the *Lettres de Mlle. Lépinasse*, written in 1773-1776. These letters, the eloquent expression of the ardent and repressed affection which Mlle. Lépinasse had vowed to M. de Guibert, who never returned the same, are too well known to find a mention here. As to the biographical introduction with which M. Jules Janin has prefaced them, it is merely a very lengthy *feuilleton*, in which the excessive abundance of commas very indifferently conceals the exceeding scarcity of ideas.

The *Pantheon* is at this moment choke-full from 10 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, with artists, with foreigners, and with spectators of all kinds. The objects of their admiration are the copies executed from paintings in the Vatican, by M. M. Balze (Raymond and Paul), pupils of M. Ingues. The exhibition contains 13 large and 34 small paintings. The 13 larger works are : 1st.—The Miracle of the Mass at Bolsena ; 2nd.—Parnassus ; 3rd.—Deliverance of Prisoners ; 4th.—Confabration of the Borough of St. Peter—the Pope, St. Leon, offers up prayers to heaven and the fire is extinguished ; 5th.—The Sybils of Cumæ ; 6th.—Daniel ; 7th.—The School of Athenian Philosophers ; 8th.—The Dispute of the Sacrament ; 9th.—Attila invading Italy ; 10th.—Attila's Massacres in the Churches ; 11.—Joel ; 12th.—Zachariah ; 13th.—Erythræe.

The Nineveh Museum in the Louvre was yesterday opened to the public.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Death of Vasques.—Senor R. Vasques, member of the order of the Jesuits, and of the Academy of Fine Arts, the most able architect in the Peninsula, has just died in Spain. He entered the order of St. Ignatius, but continued ardently to pursue his profession, in which he was extremely successful. He was engaged on the immense undertaking of opening a tunnel in the mountains of Guadarran, a much more difficult task than even the most celebrated tunnel of Europe, when he was suddenly attacked by an illness which carried him off.

The Society of Arts at Berlin has increased greatly since it has received the patronage of the king, who very much encourages it. He proposes to form a National Gallery of Paintings, and as a commencement has just purchased the large historical painting by Julius Schrader which represents the surrender of Calais to Edward III.

The University of Prague has sustained a great loss by the death of Mr. Joseph Helfert, professor of Roman and Canonical Law. The learned Doctor was a member of the Austrian Court of Judicature, and of the Episcopal Consistory.

Anecdote of Pope Pius IX.—A French missionary was lately admitted by the august Pontiff to a private audience. He held in his hand a portrait of the Pope, which he was anxious to compare with the original, and a crucifix, which he wished his Holiness to bless. "Oh !" cried Pius, taking the image of Christ crucified, and bursting into tears, "this is my true portrait ; for like Him, I am nailed to the cross—like Him, I bear on my head a crown of thorns ! " The Parisians intend to erect a public monument in honour of the Pontiff in their capital, and in Brussels a subscription is being made for the purpose of presenting him with a splendid gift.

The Pope having determined to occupy the apartments in which Pius VII. was taken prisoner, has commissioned Mr. Overbeck to decorate them with his own paintings. The sketch of one of the subjects which he has chosen, "Christ tempted by the Pharisees &c." has been highly approved by His Holiness.

The Belgian Minister of the interior has granted the sum of 10,000 francs to the Athénæum of Ghent, the pupils of this Academy having greatly distinguished themselves at the late examinations at Brussels.

The Potato Disease.—M. Eusebing Gris, a chemist of Belgium, prescribes watering with a solution of sulphate of iron, as a certain cure for the potato disease. Experimenters thereon report rather favourably, and think the same mixture may be usefully applied to sandy soils, and to other vegetable products where the saps are similarly affected.

Discovery of Original Lines by Molière in the Royal Library of Brussels.—The following lines by Molière have just been found in the Cabinet of Prints, at the foot of an engraving by Ledoyer, after the drawing of that artist which represents the brotherhood of *Note Dame de la Charité*, among whom Pope Alexander VI. established a Society for the Mitigation of Slavery, in 1495. They are signed by Molière, and have not hitherto appeared in any of the editions of his works.

"Brisez les tristes fers du honteux esclavage,
Ou vous tient le pêché le commerce honteux,
Et venez recevoir le glorieux servage
Que vous tendent les mains de la Reine des Cieux.
L'un sur vous à vos sens donne pleine victoire,
L'autre sur vos désirs vous fait régner en roi ;
L'un vous tire aux enfers, et l'autre dans la gloire.
Hélas ! peut-on, mortels balancer sur le choix ?"

Signed, "J. B. POQUELIN DE MOLIÈRE."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE CREATOR OF FAME.

A YOUNG IRISH student called on Dr. Rees one day, whilst his elaborate Cyclopædia was in progress, and offered his assistance in writing for that great work. The Doctor naturally inquired in what branch of literature he proposed to contribute ; to which the answer was, "I am quite indifferent, and will undertake any part you are most in need of at this time. You have got to G, I see, and I am willing to do geography, geology, geometry, grammar, history, natural history, law, machinery, medicine, navigation, physics or metaphysics, painting, printing, poetry, philosophy : in short, any subject in later letters down to Z,—zoology" " or zootomy, et cetera," said the astonished editor, in his quiet

way, "I dare say you are equally able for them all, and I will consider of your proposition, and let you know." Strange to add, he never called the cyclopedical genius, here so freely placed at his disposal, into operation.

An individual of a similar Admirable Crichton character, is advertising his high standing (at a shoemaker's shop) and competence to *create the fame* of any diffident aspirants (the reverse of himself) in any branch of the *Belles Lettres*. 'Tis all the same to him. Come to him for any purpose, in any style, or in any language, and

"Tis 'Si Signor,' 'tis 'Yah Mynheer,'
"Tis 'Si I vous plait monsieur.'

Tales or sermons, poems or lectures, prefaces, essays, and leaders, on all questions and all sides, are to be had of this literary magician, and he promises, on the honour of a universal undertaker, that he will bury his own merits, and twine the laurel round your barren bough. The honesty of the transaction is a pledge for his fidelity, and *palmarum qui meruit ferat*, his motto. It is to be presumed that the same honesty will guarantee his silence when the daw he has be-plumed is strutting about in his fine feathers, and that he will not, like many of the possessors of secrets which people would not wish to have known, 'peach if not bribed, when his occasions require it, to hold his tongue. It must be vastly agreeable to be in the power of such a *gentleman* for ridicule to the end of your days, as the would-be author, poet, historian, philosopher. "Literary Reputation," indeed!—literary humbug and rascality. Can there be a simpleton in the world vain enough to resort to such disreputable services?

HEALTH OF TOWNS.

The Cholera.—We lament to see it stated that a case of cholera has occurred at Vienna, and only hope it may be incidental and insulated. That the fatal malady is advancing into the heart of the Russian Empire appears to be more threatening and fearful. It is wise to make this condition of things another strong argument to urge on all concerned, the absolute and immediate necessity of proceeding with measures for the sanitary preservation of towns. [On this subject we have received, Part I. of the *Manual of Public Health*, &c., from the Working Classes' Association, (London, J. Churchill), which we sincerely recommend to general consideration.—Ed. L.G.] The National Society for the Abolition of Burials in Towns also deserves our earnest notice. There are several publications addressed to this most important topic, to which it is the duty of every organ of the Press to call attention. We will therefore mention, with approbation:

1. *Disinfection, and the Manufacture of inodorous ozotized Manure*, by C. F. Ellerman, pp. 24, G. Price, describing the new patent for immediately disinfecting animal and vegetable matter.

2. *Lecture by Dr. Hector Gavin, on the Necessity of Remedial Measures to mitigate the Unhealthiness of London*. J. Churchill.

3. *On the Health of Towns, as affected by Imperfect Cleansing and Drainage*, by W. A. Grey, M.B. pp. 48. H. Renshaw. The refuse of towns for agricultural purposes would defray the expense.

4. *Lectures*, by G. A. Walker, (Longman and Co.) whose indefatigable labours have always met our praise and best co-operation.

LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

THE Sixth Report of the Commissioners is a very interesting one. It relates chiefly to the appropriation of the Rolls Estate, in Chancery Lane, the building of a suitable Record Office there, and the approaches to the same. The last is recommended to consist of a wide central

street between the east and west, and running between the great thoroughfares, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand, on the south, and Snow Hill and Holborn, on the north. For the site of the new Record Office, £3,000,000 is stated to be requisite for the present time, and the accumulation of another century. There is room on the Rolls Estate for this extent. The exact line of the new street is not determined. We may assume half a million to be less than the probable cost, as the estimate is £450,000. Whatever plan is adopted, one desirable result, if no accident intervene, may be anticipated, viz., the safe and convenient custody of the National Records, now kept most insecurely in various places, at the annual charge of £1,500. It transpired also that the City Records are rotting in the cellars at the Mansion House; so that we may truly say all the valuable manuscripts of England remain in a condition of daily danger and certain ruin, through neglect.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BEGGAR CHILD.—A CAPRICCIO.

[This playful impromptu seems to have been suggested by Eliza Cook's "Old Arm Chair."—Ed. L.G.]

He comes, he comes, o'er the slippery flags,
With his jacket torn, and his shirt in rags.
His trowsers flap round his legs so lean,
(Those trowsers once were bottle-green)
With his skip, and jump, and aspect wild,
Oh! how I love the beggar-child!

There's a limp in his gait, and a leer in his eye,
Very comical, queer, and sly:
Down the areas all he looks,
To watch the meat on the kitchen hooks,
When he saw a beefsteak, oh! how he smiled!
And I felt I loved the beggar-child!

His hair is like the sunset's glow:
No comb e'er vexed that brow of snow.
I love those tangled locks so bright,
To me they are a finer sight
Than the well-combed hair of an infant mild;
For oh! I love the beggar-child.

Rove onward in thy course so free,
Thou shalt not be restrained by me,
Too well I love thee e'er to rule
Thy thoughts or motions in any school.
By Nature's charms be still beguiled,
Be free—depart—dear beggar-child!

crowded audience, warrants its announcement for every evening of Miss Helen Faust's engagement." There seems to be a lucky fatality attending every thing Mr. Webster brings out at the "little theatre," for by no other means can we account for the applause bestowed upon the two principal personages in, and the author of *The Heart and the World* when the curtain had descended; yet the former were called in front, and the latter had to make his obeisance from a private box in return for the oblations of an audience who seemed to be in raptures with the new play. It is true there were a few amongst the multitude who looked on in silence, or smiled, and another few who made their sibilations of disappointment audible. Now, the play is a very poor one in plot, construction, and language; the interest badly sustained, the action weak and halting, and the whole very unequally conceived and executed. The only scenes of any power were those entrusted to Miss Helen Faust, and, with a rare exception here and there, owed their success to that lady's perfect acting. We quote one of the best passages; it occurs in the third act, and was most beautifully read:

"Florence.
"Ay; pity! There's the loss, that we must learn
To pity what we worshipp'd!—Vivian Temple!
What is the master-pang?—there is but one—
That wrecks a woman's future? Pour the world
Scorn on her chosen? Well; she takes his hand,
And drops the world's. Is want that crushing pang?
I tell thee, when of nigh's her slender hand
Smooths his brow's anxious lines, and soul-filled eyes
Glorify pale, worn faces,—she thanks Heaven
That taught her, through her very penury,
How love can grow by suffering. Is it death?
Temple (breaking in, with much emotion).
No, no!

"Florence.
I say no too. Then what?
Temple.
Oh; nothing, nothing!
Florence.

Yes; his fall from worth!"

We need only add that the play has been very well put upon the stage, and express our regret that the promising author of the *Patrician's Daughter* should have shewn such a falling-off in his second attempt.

Mr. Hudson has made his first bow here for the season, in the *Irish Post*, and is as clever, in proving, and popular as ever.

Lyceum.—Madame Vestris, as we mentioned in our last, commenced her management at this theatre on Monday, when she was met by a most crowded and enthusiastic audience to welcome her back to that kind of directorship which, on a smaller scale, gave such satisfaction at the Olympic, and on a larger scale at Covent Garden. The Lyceum is exactly the *juste milieu* in which her fine taste will have a fair field for its display, neither too cabined and confined, nor too vast and costly for her graceful taste to be fairly appreciated. The entire of the interior of the theatre has been re-modelled, the balcony removed, and the front of the boxes bowed out, so as to afford ample room for a comfortable position. This, and the increase in the number of private boxes, are the most important features in the new arrangements. Of the decorations of the interior it is difficult to convey an adequate idea, as they do not belong to any particular school, but appear to have originated in the fanciful imagination of Mr. Bradwell. The principal colours are blue, pink, and white, and the whole has a very light, graceful, and beautiful appearance. The lustres surrounding the theatre, in place of the central chandelier, harmonize admirably with the general effect, and Mr. Beverley's new curtain is a very handsome and artistic production. When the foot-lights were raised, and the full blaze of light thrown on these great improvements, a burst of applause that must have been heard in the most remote corner of the theatre, testified the gratification of the crowded audience at everything that had been done to please the eye and add to the comfort of the

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—A very dimly farce was produced on Saturday, and for so trivial an affair met with wonderful success; for this, the author, Mr. Morton, owes many thanks to the actors engaged in it, without whose help so satisfactory an answer could never have been given to *Who's my Husband?* Keeley, as an individual named Tootles, who knows nothing of a certain Mrs. Smith Thompson (Mrs. W. Clifford), except that "he has to pay her a certain sum on the first Wednesday in every month," gets into all sorts of troubles on his wedding-day, from which he is finally extricated by the discovery of the lady's husband after a ten years' disappearance. The situations were rendered excessively comical by Keeley's admirable acting; he seemed to play as if he were exactly in the humour, and, consequently, carried the audience fairly along with him. He was well supported by Mrs. W. Clifford, Mrs. Humby, and Mrs. Buckingham, and by Messrs. Howe and Tilbury; the weight of the piece, however, rested entirely on his shoulders, and he made very light of the load, from first to last.

If we were astonished at the success of this little one-act absurdity, our wonder was increased by the still greater success of Mr. Westland Marston's "pondosity" on Wednesday night; and yet Mr. Webster may truly place at the bottom of his bills, "that the reception of the new and original five-act play, called 'The Heart and the World,'* before a brilliant and

* Published by C. Mitchell.

visitor. The we had a n minute det in a style t like: It w most flatt Planché's n cipal charact in the opportunity which ever not enter in ourselves w represent an effective, and well aided the former acquisition boards, as actress. The Messrs. Le stone, &c., were greeted on the make the by Mrs. C. "the public and make i two-act affair one, brought reception w best with the good-hum God Save the v of the ther Ben, w Stirring, our favourite, and sanguine w the two never enoug Vestris's ma

The Rajas on the mot honour by to James B. regenerator will say of did, a presentation of the French of his Majest Common C spurious

Rectory of signified his formally in a meeting been convened the present a like impro

Buckler's A—Medicinal—Chloroform—A—Absorbent—S. & G.—Lentils—Sennons on D—On Sennons—post, &c., &c.—Sixth ed. of Machinery—Way-side Ver—The Women &c., &c.—Sennons—Rogers, foolish by Mrs. H. Ly—Tales, &c., &c.—second edition

visitor. The overture over, and the curtain up, we had a market-scene, elaborated into its most minute details, of considerable effect, and done in a style that had no other name than Vestris-like: it was the introduction to herself, and most flattering was her reception and that of Planche's new drama, *The Pride of the Market*, in which, of course, Madame sustained the principal character. It is a light and amusing adaptation from the French, and the scene passing in the reign of Louis Quatorze, affords an opportunity for a display of dress and scenery, of which every advantage has been taken. We need not enter into plot or particulars, but may content ourselves with saying that the stage was made to represent all that was necessary, gorgeous, or effective, and that the principal performer was well aided by Mrs. C. Jones and Miss H. Gilbert, the former as clever as ever, and the latter a great acquisition from Edinburgh to the London boards, as a lady-looking and sweet-voiced actress. The male characters were sustained by Messrs. Leigh, Murray, Parselle, Granby, Buckstone, &c., each and all of whom were heartily greeted on their appearances, and did their best to make the audience join in the wish expressed by Mrs. C. Jones at the end of the piece, that "the public would deal largely at the new shop, and make it the *Pride of the Market*." A slight two-act affair, with barely enough in it to make one, brought Mr. Charles Matthews forth, and his reception was hearty in the extreme. He did his best with the poor materials, and the audience, good-humouredly, tolerated the *Light Dragoons*. *God Save the Queen*, and Morton's farce of *Brother Ben*, with Harley in it, filled up the measure of a very agreeable evening. On Tuesday Mrs. Stirling, our own and the public's especial favourite, made her first appearance under the new régime, in Buckstone's comic drama of the *Two Queens*, and her reception was all that her most sanguine wishes could have expected. This, and the two new burlettas, have furnished entertainment enough for the first week of Madame Vestris's management of the Lyceum.

VARIETIES.

The Rajah of Sarawak.—The City of London, on the motion of Sir P. Laurie, has done itself honour by voting its Freedom, in a gold box, to James Brooke, the rajah of Sarawak, and the regenerator of the Indian Archipelago, who may well say of his wonderful deeds as Coriolanus did, "ALONE I DID IT." The picture of the presentation of the corporate body to the King of the French at Windsor, executed by command of his Majesty, was received at the same Court of Common Council, and will be hung up in a conspicuous part about Guildhall.

Rectory of Glasgow.—Lord John Russell having signified his intention of visiting Glasgow, to be formally installed Lord Rector of the University, a meeting of the commercial community has been convened to confer with his Lordship on the present monetary crisis!!! There is nothing like improving the time.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Buckler's Abbey Church of St. Albans, 8vo. cloth, 14s.—*Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*, vol. 30, 8vo. cloth, 13s.—Abercrombie's Essays and Tracts, new edition, cloth, 1s. 6d.—Lester's Criticisms, foolscap, cloth, 10s. 6d.—Wood's sermons on Daniel, 12mo. cloth, 5s.—Lallemand's *Treatise on the Emperor of India*, 8vo. cloth, 12s.—Wilson on Ring-worm, 8vo. cloth, 5s.—Whateley's Lectures on a Future State, sixth edition, 12mo. cloth, 5s.—Weisbach's Mechanics of Machinery and Engineering, vol. 1, 8vo. cloth, 21s.—Wynside Verses, by W. J. Brock, 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.—The Women of Scripture, by Mrs. Balfour, 12mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.—Sermons Preached at Clapham, by Rev. G. A. Lewis, foolscap, cloth, 6s.—The Cotton Tree, or Emily, by Mrs. H. Lynch, 2s. 6d.—Erskine's Speeches, with Prefaces by Lord Brougham, 4 vols. 8vo. cloth, 22s.—Classical Tales, 12mo. cloth, 2s.—Linwood's Lexicon to *Æschylus*, second edition, 8vo. cloth, 12s.—The Parents' Cabinet,

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[This table shews the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]						
1847						
Oct. 23	.	11 44 30-2	Oct. 27	.	11 44 2-2	
21	.	— 44 22-2	28	.	— 43 57-1	
25	.	— 44 14-8	29	.	— 43 52-7	
26	.	— 44 8-2				

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Quarterly Part of the *Literary Gazette* for September, and October, will be completed by our next No., and we beg to solicit early orders, having been put to much trouble and expense recently by the demand for papers beyond our ordinary provision. We have also to inform News-senders and the public, that our last No. was reprinted as soon as possible on Saturday, and the necessary supply furnished, as announced in our advertisement in the daily newspapers.

ERRATA.—In our last Number, page 741, fifth line of "Drama" for "Holcrt," read *Harlowe*, one of the most gifted painters that ever adorned the British School of Arts, whose picture of the Kemble Family, there mentioned, is of itself a lasting fame.—In the first column of the same page, last line of the second paragraph, the first letter, *t*, has fallen out of the first word, and made that "hat"—a cheap process of hat-making.

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